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Saturday Review

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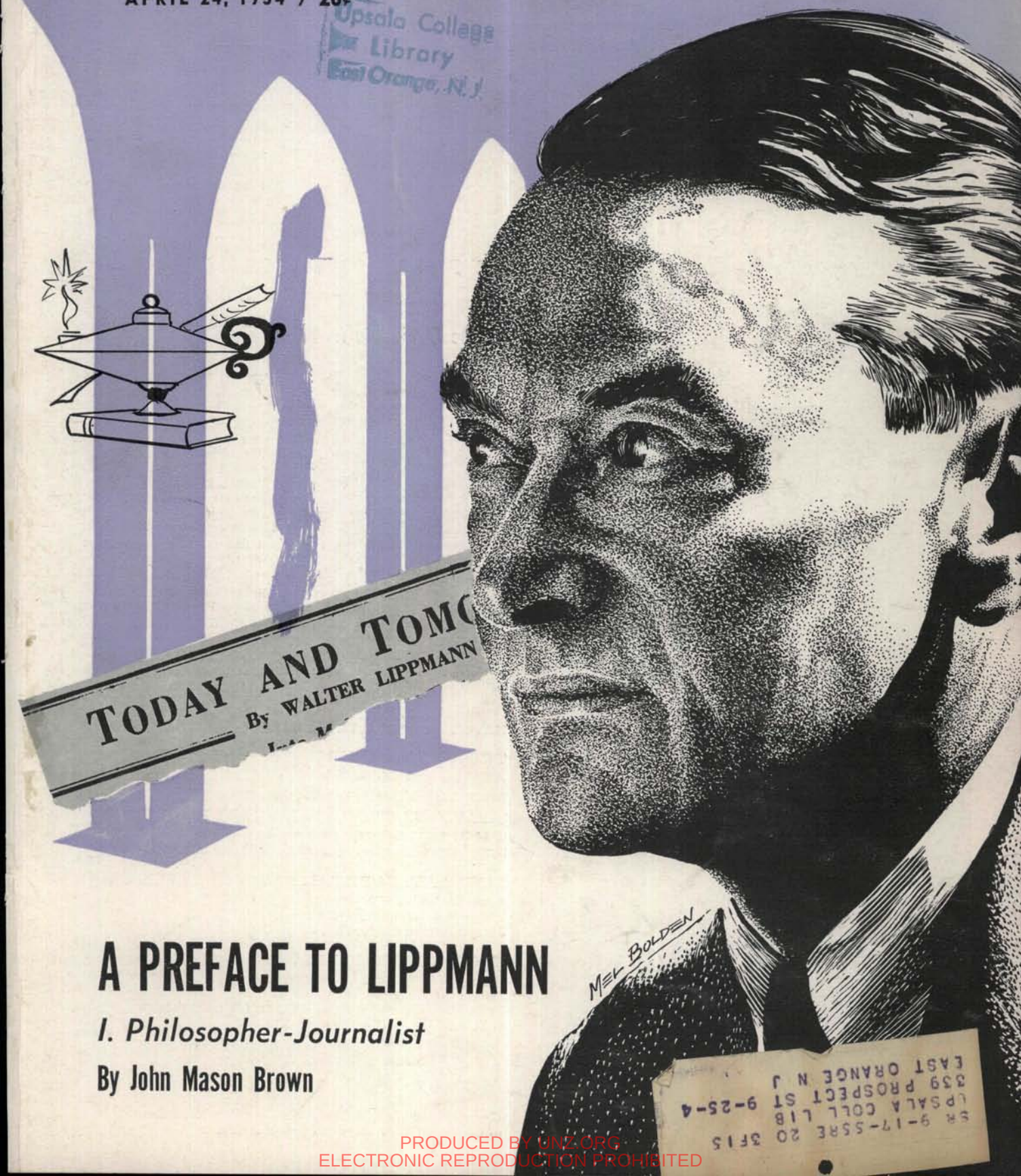

A PREFACE TO LIPPMANN

I. Philosopher-Journalist

By John Mason Brown

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SR's Library Poll

THIS week witnesses another example of one of the arts lending a helping hand to another. In addition to a vast paperback sale, the numerous Oscars which the film version of "From Here to Eternity" carried off at the Academy Award dinner seem to have stimulated a vigorous library recirculation of the novel. This despite the epic size and difficulties of this great story of peacetime soldiers.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

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TRADE Winds

AS A CONNOISSEUR of musical clowns through all the possible circuits—Keith, Loews, Orpheum, Proctor, heterodyne, and superheterodyne—I am strongly of the belief that the funniest of them is Victor Borge. I am not speaking of his one-man performances in the Golden Theatre off Broadway—I am not strong enough to absorb a whole evening of such provocative entertainment—but rather of his concentrated showings on television, the most recent on "Omnibus."

Television is an especially happy medium for Borge because his humor consists in equal parts of the visual and the aural. There was (or is) no particular point in seeing Alec Templeton perform his numerous miracles of musical spoofery, for they are almost wholly auditory. On the other hand, Harpo Marx, or his talented brother Chico, performed even more for the eye than the ear—and even if the soundtrack happened to go out in the local cinema one could derive a substantial amount of what they were doing from just the way they looked.

That is true, in large measure, too, of the great musical clowns of vaudeville—the inspired Herb Williams of the evergreen act of Williams and Woolfus, the jaunty Jim McWilliams, who was also known as "The Pianutist," the versatile A. H. Robbins, whose bulky outer coat concealed everything from a piccolo to a small harp, and such lesser members of the fraternity as Phil Baker, who was "A Bad Boy from a Good Family" trying to play the accordion even before the fountain pen was invented, the violin-playing monologist named J. Benny, and the flourishing, cigar-smoking Ben Bernie before he had any "lads" to his name.

WILLIAMS WAS, in some ways, the greatest of these, whether seated at the magnificent upright from which, according to whim, he could disclose a tap yielding a glass of beer, open a trap letting forth two or three cats, or touch a spring which would launch the whole apparatus of keys and hammers directly into his face. It is, I think, a subdued terror of every instrumentalist that on some nightmarish occasion the whole works will come apart. Williams experienced this twice a day, six days a week, and three times each Sunday. On the other hand, he had the superlative joy of walking out on a dark stage and bawling "spotLLLLIGHT!" at the top of his voice until the electrician obliged him, and of beating his pit conductor

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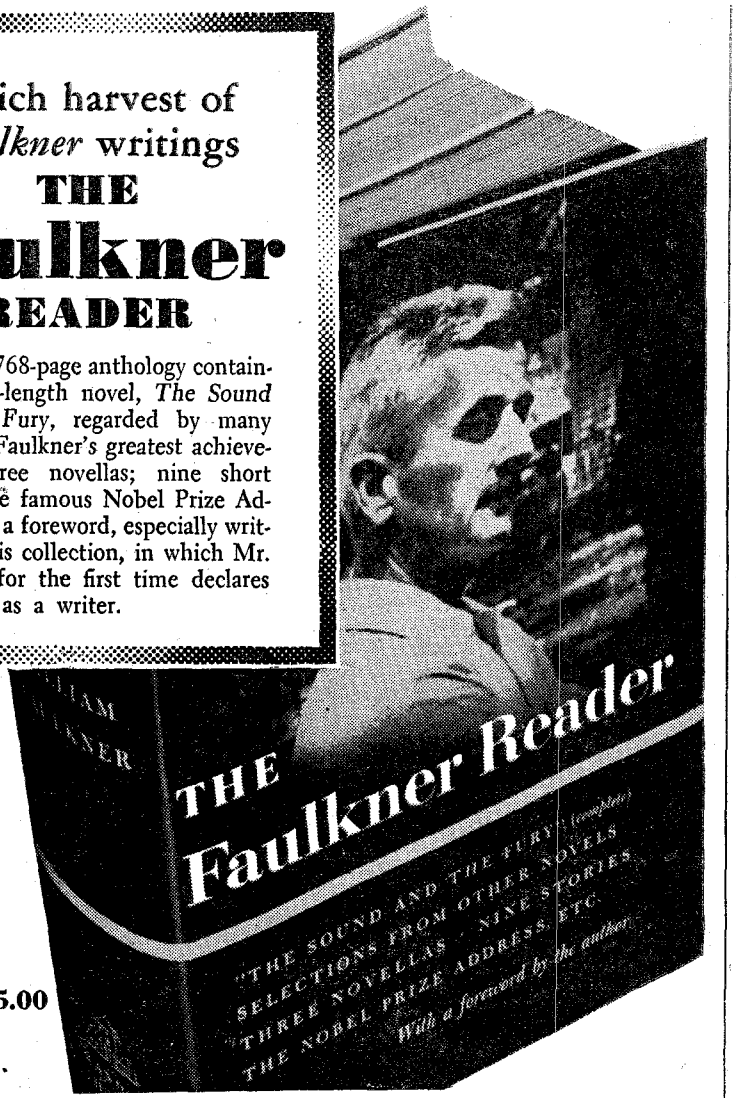
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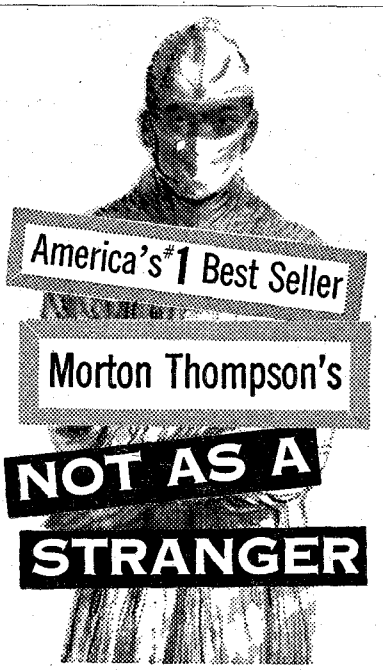

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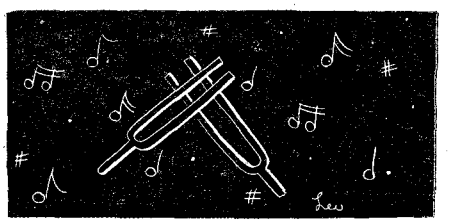
over the head with a baseball bat whenever it displeased him. Fortunately, the pit conductor was a member of the act whose skull was protected by a blond wig with a steel frame; fortunately, too, the baseball bat was a "breakaway" sort, always splitting on impact in the same place.

McWILLIAMS, lest he be forgotten, made much of the fact that he walked onto



the stage dressed in so-called street clothes—part of his act was to carry on a topcoat or overcoat, according to the season of year, and announce that all he had to do to get ready for his act was to take off his coat—and sat down forthwith to play a bit, tell some jokes, and perform a takeoff on so-called "romantic" opera. I have since heard a good deal of opera, in and out of vaudeville theatres, and the only one that remotely approached McWilliams's fantasy was Bellini's "Sonnambula." However, that was no moderator of his satire. McWilliams, I might add, vanished from the vaude-

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 566

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 566 will be found in the next issue.

FPSES WES FHL AOCTY LR

MSLMBS OC LCS'Y BORS—

MSLMBS HPLX LCS ASSMY

HWOFOCQ—WCT FPS

MSLMBS RLE HPLX LCS

HWOFY.—Y. C. VSPEXWC.

Answer to No. 565

If there's any philosophy in a man, marriage will develop it.—Anon.

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ville stage in the late Twenties, to turn up—as a voice, if no longer a "pianutist"—on a program called, as I remember, "Dr. I. Q." He was the Uncle Jim whose friends always had a lady in the balcony.

It was an implicit stock-in-trade of all of these that clowning was fundamentally a side line, and they were, basically, highly accomplished performers of their chosen instruments who could play anything "straight" if they so chose . . . better than most contemporaries. In this respect, as well as in many others, Borge does not strain our credibilities too far—if he makes a hash of "Liebestraum" it is not alone because of his well-advertised and profitable aversion to that piece; it is also because he caricatures his own inability to match its technical requirements.

BY AND LARGE, what Borge makes fun of in his consummate way is not music but musicians, not the piano but pianists. His version of the tango "Jalousie," for example, is viewed not alone in terms of the exaggerated "passion" usually visited upon this piece, but even more in terms of the absurd pianistic "production" some cafe performers make of it. When, at the climax, he lunges for a concord of octaves at the treble end of the keyboard, misses, and falls to the floor on his face that, too, is a species of

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artistry. Octaves? After all, anybody can play octaves.

There is, of course, no conceivable reason why Borge should not go on being pre-eminent in his line as long as he is sound in limb and strong in wind, unless, of course, he encounters opposition from an unexpected quarter. I refer to a couple of our most respected concert pianists, whose act is fundamentally even funnier than Borge's. The one who snorts through every *allegro appassionato* is only saved from disgrace by the fact that he does, after all, play very well; while the one who brings his hands down from six feet in the air is saved by the fact that he also brings the house down at the same time. For the time being, however, to Victor belongs the spoils . . . also the laughs and the dollars.

TO CONTINUE in a musical vein, hearing "Red" Barber as a commentator on the affairs of the New York Yankees is akin to hearing Ben Grauer doing Kostelanetz instead of Toscanini. Or hearing Herbert Hoover rising to make a speech beginning, "My friends . . ." There are some things at which the flesh rebels, and this is one of them. As the voice of Brooklyn, Barber was a familiar but still endearing paradox: that the most unpredictable, exasperating, and traditionally ungrammatical baseball club in the major leagues was verbally represented by the most reliable, self-controlled, and articulate announcer.

I don't doubt that Barber has perpetrated his share of singular verbs with plural subjects in his time (who

could fail to, in his improvisatory occupation?), but if he wants a grateful listener's nomination for an obit on this stage of his career, let it be: "He never twisted a windblown fly into a near home run." In fact, he made a meticulous practice of telling his audience that the object to watch when a tall fly looked as if it might go for a home run was not the ball but the fielder. If he had his eye on the ball and was preparing to make a catch, there was no reason for surprise when he did. Or, at least, none where Barber was concerned.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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The Saturday Review
APRIL 24, 1954

A PREFACE TO LIPPMANN

1. PHILOSOPHER-JOURNALIST

By JOHN MASON BROWN

This is part of a series of studies on eminent contemporaries by John Mason Brown. Previous articles dealt with President Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson as Presidential campaigners, with Mr. Truman and his last days in the White House, and with Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., our Permanent Representative to the United Nations. This article is the first of three on Walter Lippmann.

THE philosopher-king was an ideal in the "Republic" of Plato; the philosopher-journalist is a fact in the person of Walter Lippmann. No one can read his column, "Today and Tomorrow," without sensing that his approach to the contemporary scene is different from that of the countless other newspaper commentators here and abroad whose province is national and international affairs. Their eyes may be equally sharp; their search for the significance of passing events no less constant. They may be as well, if not better, informed in this or that particular field. They may write with a color and vivacity which he neither commands nor attempts. But none of them brings to his task the same background, the same concerns, the same sustained calmness of tone, the same lucidity of style, or the pitch of mind that Lippmann does.

He stands apart from his profession in his looks and living no less than in his thinking. Meeting him, one would never guess that he had seen the inside of a newspaper office, so much closer does he seem to a library, a drawing room, or a campus. He is a lean, dark-haired, fastidiously dressed man of sixty-four who takes scrupulous care of himself, appears ten years younger than he is, and lives and works in a charming Georgetown house which is as beautifully ordered as his daily routine. When young he was nicknamed "the Boy Buddha." He has not lost that Buddha look. His is a contemplative face, ascetic in addition to being thoughtful, which is dominated by his somewhat protuberant brownish eyes. More than being unblinking and

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Mable Dodge and Lincoln Steffens—"[Lippmann] was not a batik or barricade type."

bright, they are uncommonly alert and give the impression of seeing far beyond what is immediately at hand, which indeed they do.

Though one of the best known and most widely syndicated of present-day journalists, Lippmann is in character when he confesses he has never considered journalism his real calling. In spite of the millions of words he has written about current issues for newspapers, his truest interest lies in the dateless subjects he has pursued in the more important of his nineteen books. For the past four decades he has lived a double life professionally, giving most of his time, but never all of his mind, to questions of the day. Beyond the ephemeral particulars of the present, other problems, ethical, general, timeless, occupy him; problems upon which the contemplative have brooded over the centuries; problems dealing with the inward meaning of events rather than their outward appearance; problems involving the nature of the ideal society and the spiritual no less than political values by which the individual must live.

MOST people in Washington, including those who write about it, live only in the hectic present. Quite understandably, the Republic which occupies their time has no more conscious connection with Plato's than their "Politics" with Aristotle's. Lippmann, though immersed in the conflicts and issues of the day, does not forget the past. He is haunted by the problem Aristotle raised in the seventh book of his "Politics"—how to find a bridge between man's environment, which is complex, and his political capacity, which is simple. His best columns betray in their style and tone the philosophical bent of his mind. His mentors in journalism were Lincoln Steffens and Frank I. Cobb, vivid figures who would have left their mark on almost anyone else. But it is such teachers he knew at Harvard as William James, Santayana, and Graham Wallas who gave Lippmann's thinking its direction and whose clear, calm voices can still be heard in his calm, clear prose.

His followers sense this off-beat quality in Lippmann and are grateful for it. They do not expect reporting from him. They turn to him for an analysis of what has happened rather than an account. They do not want him to cover the news; they rely on him to uncover its significance. They know that, instead of treating the issues and happenings of the day as if they stood alone in time, he will endeavor to relate them to yesterday and tomorrow, giving the long view, not the short one. They realize he seldom indulges himself or his public by writing about personalities.

Ideas, not people, are news to him, and Lippmann makes them news for others. He never descends to gossip, is above name-calling, and seeks to think rather than to feel his way to his conclusions. He sees his job as a serious one and performs it seriously, denying himself and his readers the entertaining cajoleries by which a writer can win and hold attention. His austere assumption is that those who turn to him care, as he does, for logic and enlightenment. Accordingly, he comes to grips at once with the core of his subject, dispensing with non-essentials, however tempting. Dispassion is in itself a kind of passion with him. No matter how heated his convictions, the chill of reason is on his copy. Indeed, so detached is he in tone and attitude that often, when he writes of history in the making, it sounds like history already made.

Lippmann was already well known as an author and journalist when, on that September morning in 1931 (the 8th to be precise), the *New York Herald Tribune* began publishing the column that has made him famous here and abroad. He had written ten well-received books, the last of which, "A Preface to Morals," was a best seller in 1929. His contributions as an editor of the *New Republic*, in the days before and after our entry into World War I, had established him as a leader of liberal thought. His editorials for and ultimate editing of the *New York World* during the decade before 1931 had won him a wider public and an even greater reputation. It was not, however, until that incomparable paper had folded and he at forty-two had started his syndicated column for the *Herald Tribune* that he emerged as a national and international figure.

"Today and Tomorrow" caught on at once. Free of all sensationalism, it was a sensation over night. Within twelve months Lippmann's name up and down the country was almost a household word. In him the United States had discovered its own Delphic oracle. He was acclaimed not as *a* pundit but as *the* pundit. He was quoted everywhere and with special gratitude by those uncertain of what they thought until he had done their thinking for them. There was as much truth as humor in Perry Barlow's *New Yorker* cartoon (prized by Lippmann and even now hanging in his study) which showed two dowagers in a dining car, one of whom, buried in the *Herald Tribune*, was saying, "Of course, I only take a cup of coffee in the morning. A cup of coffee and Walter Lippmann is all I need."

THE Lippmann fever raged among people of every kind and profession. In the *American Magazine* of September 1932, Beverly Smith, after describing Lippmann as writing "in language which is precise enough for a Supreme Court justice, simple enough for a ward-heeler, and entertaining enough to woo a magnate from his grapefruit," saluted him as "the Man with the Flashlight, the Great Elucidator." The epidemic reached out to include historians. In January 1933, in this very magazine two months before Franklin D. Roosevelt took office, James Truslow Adams ran a risk few historians would choose to run by hailing Lippmann as "the only national leader who has appeared in these postwar years." Nor did Adams apply the brakes there. He added, "What happens to Walter Lippmann in the next decade may be of greater

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interest than what happens to any other single figure now on the American scene."

There were those who were immune to the Lippmann fever and those who reacted to his rise from "success" to "eminence" with a heat which was itself feverish. Among these none was more violent or vocal than Amos Pinchot. No broadsides aimed at Lippmann (and there have been many during his long career) have been more blistering than the four articles Pinchot published in *The Nation* in July and August 1933. The editors explained that, "since the creation of an informed public opinion is indispensable to the functioning of democratic government, the factors which tend to mold that opinion require vigilant scrutiny." They did not deny that Lippmann was probably "the most influential journalist of our time."

It was this very influence which whipped Pinchot into a Peglerian frenzy. To him "the Great Elucidator" was an "Obfuscator de Luxe." He admitted Lippmann's excellence as a writer but accused him of being a "salesman of plutocracy" and an equivocator who could be "quoted on either side of almost any question." He dubbed Lippmann "our Merlin of journalism," an "ambassador of good-will to the philistines," and "a David with a smile instead of a sling." He described him as "once a votary in the house of Marx" who "now worships in the house of Morgan."

In his serialized excoriation Pinchot insisted that Lippmann did not believe in democracy. He charged him with having done an immense amount of harm, with having confused the thinking of his readers, with soothing them to sleep where the public good required vigilance, with telling them what they wanted to be told, and confirming them in unconscious Bourbonism. On important policies, Pinchot contended, Lippmann "is rarely ahead of his time. And as a good pragmatist, who avoids being right at the wrong moment, his opinion is generally the postscript of the least illiberal group in Wall Street."

DURING the years that have followed Lippmann has had his other detractors. No self-respecting man could fail to who writes regularly about public figures and issues. Among the most withering was Fred Rodell, a member of the Yale Law School faculty since 1933. In the *American Mercury* for March 1945, Professor Rodell enumerated Lippmann's errors as a prophet and his political inconsistencies with the relish of a cannibal dining off a plump enemy.

He implied that Lippmann was popular not because he made people think but because he made them think they were thinking. He sneered at him as someone who "was simply living, breathing, writing, of the right people, by the right people, and for the right people." Professor Rodell railed against what he held to be Lippmann's "almost uncanny knack of using words in such an impressive way as to *appear* to be sapient and lucid and even liberal." Lippmann's huge success, he maintained, was due to a mastery of a species of distinguished and high-grade double-talk. This, according to the Professor, "has required a complete forswearing, as to himself, of all humor and all true humility. It has required an air of Olympian omniscience coupled with a sort of patient pedanticism that condescends now and then to words of one syllable in order to clear things up for the class." Above all, it has required "the temerity to state the disputed as though it were obvious and to intone the obvious as though it were profound."

Such attacks have done no real damage to Lippmann. The fever of the first months may have subsided but his appeal has continued. Few serious syndicated columnists have commanded so large and steady an audience. Although his position has shifted in popularity polls, for more than twenty-two years Lippmann, without ever catering to mass tastes, has held a place among the top ten commentators. His prestige continues to be as great in his own profession as with the general public. Only last fall his name headed the list submitted by 111 American editors and editorial writers rating columnists on the basis of their reliability, fairness, and skill in analyzing the news.

One hundred forty-one papers carry Lippmann's column in the United States, fifty-two in foreign countries. In London it can be found in the *Daily Mail*, in Tokyo in the *Yomiuri*, in Paris in *Le Figaro* as well as the *Herald Tribune* European edition. It is published in such far-spread lands as Canada and Greece, Belgium and Australia, Spain and India, Brazil and New Zealand, Uruguay and Sweden. An accurate count of his readers is impossible, but his syndicate estimates, in a perhaps promotional and therefore overoptimistic mood, that he may have as many as thirty-eight million weekday readers in the United States, and that his foreign papers command a circulation of approximately ten million. In the language of diplomacy, this is quite a sphere of influence.

WHEN Lippmann started his column, free to write (as the *Herald Tribune* expressed it) "what he likes

(*Continued on page* 36)

—From Rollin Kirby's "Highlights" (cartoon dated Dec. 4, 1923).

"I sympathize deeply with you, madame, but I cannot associate with you."

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FICTION

Hillbilly D. P.'s

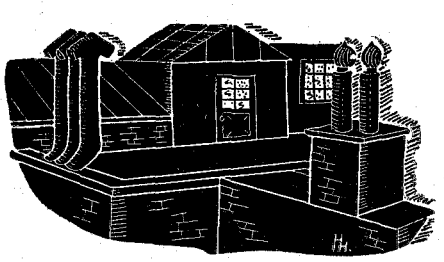
***"The Dollmaker," by Harriette Arnow** (Macmillan. 549 pp. $5), a story of a family of "displaced persons" from Kentucky lost in wartime Detroit, tied for first place in fiction in* SR*'s Spring Critics' Poll (April 10).*

By Walter Havighurst

ONE of the grim, laconic phrases given to the language by World War II was "displaced person." At a touching point in Harriette Arnow's novel, "The Dollmaker," among the Mexican and Polish children in a schoolroom in the alien world of wartime Detroit, little Cassie Nevels announces, "My country is Kentucky." She speaks for all the "hillbillies" who were uprooted like tumbleweeds by the winds of war. "The Dollmaker" is a story of displaced persons in the war years in America.

The novel begins with strong and primitive people in back-country Kentucky, the people and the country of Mrs. Arnow's memorable "Hunter's Horn." Gertie Nevels, homely, rawboned, indestructible, is an embodiment of the mountain folk. As first pictured, she is riding a mule through pouring rain, carrying a sick child to the doctor. Behind her she has left a bed-ridden mother and a sodden cornfield trampled by the hogs; she has just learned that her brother was killed on a distant battlefront, and now her youngest child is choking with diphtheria. But Gertie Nevels, poor in all but courage and endurance, has armor against troubles like these. Later, in a sordid housing project on the edge of the vast industries of Willow Run, she encounters hostilities too subtle and impersonal for her powers.

This long, somber, and moving novel shows Gertie Nevels struggling to save her family from a sordid and grasping world. By steady accumulation of detail, with a dogged narration that traces every step of the struggle, Mrs. Arnow builds up a growing weight and shows it pressing upon the spirit of a strong-willed woman. The novel might have been more selective, and more readable; as it is, it moves like a steam-roller, ponderous and ineluctable.



From their remote Kentucky valley Gertie Nevels pictured Detroit as a land of promise. There would be "a nice house with the electric and running water, both hot and cold maybe"; there would be schools and playgrounds for the children. But before she got through the crowded Detroit station she heard the scornful word "hillbilly," and at Merry Hill she found endless rows of cramped and airless flats lining bleak alleys. Her husband, making $100 a week, had discovered the paradise of instalment buying. Soon the children were crying, "Buy um, Mom. Buy um. . . . What's a nickel? What's a dime?" In the midst of down payments, flashy gadgets, and the endless avid desire for more, Gertie Nevels remembered the warm feel of a cow's teats and the hardness of a churn handle. She began to whittle blocks of scrap wood.

THE act of wood-carving runs through this novel with growing meaning and emotion. Around Gertie Nevels other aliens were losing their identity, and her children were lost in the luring, leering world of radio, juke box, comic books, magazine advertisements. Her husband, a shadowy figure beside the rough-hewn Gertie, is idled by a strike which he does not understand. While he is on picket duty, Gertie sells wooden dolls to keep food on the table. At this point a wounded soldier comes home to Detroit, to labor violence and to a bitter realization: "Now I'm home—peace. And it's allasame."

Gertie Nevels carved dolls, birds, animals, and throughout her losing struggle she dreamed of carving a Christ. But with all the faces around her she could not find a face for the half-shaped figure with bent shoulders and bowed head. Still she went on carving, as though the meaning of life were in that block of cherry wood. At the end she realized that she could find a face for the unfinished figure. This final symbolism is cloudy and inconclusive, but "The Dollmaker" remains an unflinching and compassionate novel of contemporary America.

THE AUTHOR: Gertie Nevels—"big, ugly, strong-willed, and self-reliant," the description of her on the dust-jacket of "The Dollmaker," Harriette Arnow's new book—is a splendid example of a character doggedly in search of a novel. Gertie first turned up about a decade ago, and nothing Mrs. Arnow did during all those years to make her feel unwelcome had any effect.

Mrs. Arnow did some things that weren't exactly ladylike, either. She wrote a novel about Nunn Ballew—"Hunter's Horn"—even though Gertie had been around long before Nunn. That was in 1949. Next she signed to do a non-fiction book on the Cumberland River country. For any character of sensitivity, that would have been the *coup de grâce*; Gertie, however, like any self-respecting heroine of fiction, was undaunted. "I tried to shake her off," Mrs. Arnow candidly reminisced the other day at the family farm near Ann Arbor, Michigan, "for with this country living, two children, etc., there isn't much time for writing. But day in and day out Gertie awakened me at four in the morning—sometimes at three—and we worked until I had to wake my husband and children around seven. Fiction, once you start it, has such a horrible pull."

Mrs. Arnow, who was born in Kentucky in 1908, has always been a chronic but cheerful victim of horrible pull. "Always I was writing, submitting stuff, though I was thirteen before I had a typewriter," she confessed. She then added some autobiographical bits and pieces: She taught during part of the Thirties, quit. Went to Cincinnati, married. Wrote a great deal, sold—first to the little magazines, later a short novel, "Mountain Path." Her husband, on the staff of the *Detroit Times*, helps her in her writing, discussing characters, typing manuscript, and finding misspellings. Nowadays, with Gertie between covers at last, Mrs. Arnow has time to garden, chauffeur the kids to school, and sleep uninterruptedly.

—BERNARD KALB.

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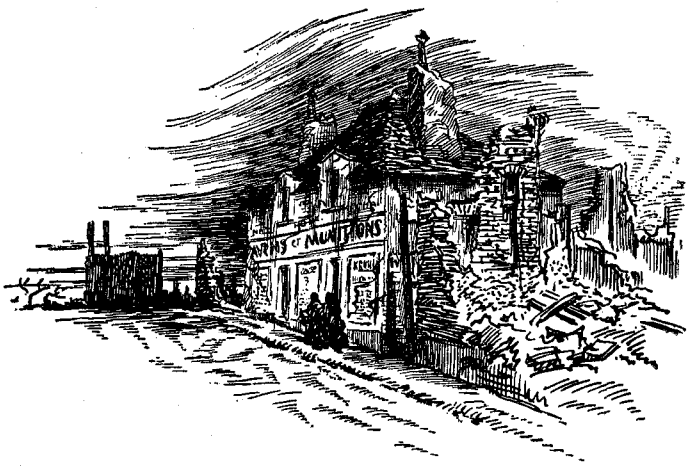

—From "All Men Have Loved Thee."

Profit and the Debacle

"Cry Out of the Depths," by Georges Duhamel *(Little, Brown. 213 pp. $3.50), records the moral disintegration of an opportunist during the German Occupation of France.*

By Ann F. Wolfe

IN AUGUST 1945 a member of the reviewer's family entered Nazi-occupied Paris with the Allied armies of liberation. Among the first Parisians he spoke with was Georges Duhamel, who, like all his fellow citizens, was overjoyed to emerge from the long isolation of the blackout. Judging from his new novel, "Cry Out of the Depths," Mr. Duhamel must have kept an eye on the insidious mechanics of the Occupation. He seems, in particular, to have missed none of the collaborationist tricks by which the success of the Occupation was insured.

In Felix, ambitious manager of a Paris pharmaceutical concern, Mr. Duhamel has bodied forth the most contemptible aspects of collaboration. It would have been bad enough if the renegade Frenchman had served the Germans in order to save his own skin. But Felix exploited his country's defeat as a shortcut to power. Under cover of altruism he took greedy advantage of the wartime misfortunes of his firm's partners and of the tragedy in the life of his only child. An arch-opportunist, he made a science of his strategy for aggrandizement.

To switch to the production of medicaments for the Wehrmacht cost Felix no pangs of conscience. Instead of a conscience he had a built-in design for success that included suppression of emotion, denial of love and friendship, and the unvarying appearance of rectitude. The design, to be sure, was slightly flawed by his love for his daughter Monica. Yet, to further his selfish ends, he kept Monica from marrying the young man of her choice and after the youth died in an enemy prison prevented her from entering a convent. He forced the bereaved girl to lend him her dowry in order that he might buy Winterberg's third of the firm's shares. Though the hypocrite pretended otherwise, Felix well knew that Winterberg, broken victim of Nazi anti-Semitism, would never be in a position to buy the stock back. Later, through murderous casuistry, Felix was to acquire his brother's third of the shares. By that time, thanks to a master stroke of opportunism, the great industrialist had won acclaim as a Resistance hero.

IT PUTS a strain on the novelist's art—and the reader's credulity—to reconcile the evil Felix with the De Profundis of the title. The structure of the novel may possibly be at fault. Felix tells his own story, committing important passages to brief entries in a notebook. The essence of his conversion, if that is what it was, is too spiritual a matter for a businessman's log.

The trouble is that, in this masterpiece of greed for power, Mr. Duhamel has succeeded all too well with his ironic Frankenstein. He has seemingly carried the man's iniquity past the point of no return. Yet Felix suddenly takes refuge in the psalmist's prayer, begging forgiveness of all whom he has injured. With his daughter's forgiveness, it is true, grace may have had its inexplicable way with him. He makes amends of a sort, but repentance appears to have passed him by. Could that, after all, be the price he pays?

Liszt Was Last

"The Last Love of Camille," by Frances Winwar *(Harper. 272 pp. $3), is a fictional re-creation of the romance of the fashionable Parisian courtesan Alphonsine Plessis and the composer Franz von Liszt.*

By Harrison Smith

TO PRODUCE in this first decade of the atomic age a contemporary novel of deathless love and passion would be a thankless task. Romance in the grand manner, since it requires the gaudy trappings and the amorous yearnings of lovers for the unattainable which gave color to life a century ago, is as dead, outside of the covers of a book, as Byron or Dumas. That still vital department of fiction has been taken over by romantic biographers and the writers of historical romance.

Frances Winwar is one of the few who have been able to capture inviolate the spirit of an age in which love was an inspiration and not a series of vulgar consummations. For her admirable series of literary biographies she has chosen George Sand, Joan of Arc, and English nineteenth-century poets who were not alien to the grand passion. In her Napoleonic novel, "The Eagle and the Rock," she accomplished the remarkable feat of making Josephine a comprehensible and sympathetic character and Napoleon an honest and ardent lover as well as a conqueror.

Her new novel, "The Last Love of Camille," is in one sense the most daring of all her works, for it is the story of the woman known as Margaret Gautier, "La Dame aux Camélias," of young Alexander Dumas' immortal romance, and the heroine of Verdi's opera "La Traviata." Marguerite is the quintessence of all of the heroines of fiction whose heart was pure gold, and who died of consumption, aggravated by an illness unknown to modern science, unrequited love. In fact, her name was neither Camille nor Gautier. She was born Alphonsine Plessis in the Paris slums and her childhood was sordid. Her last lover was Franz von Liszt, the most popular composer and pianist of his time, the *beau ideal* of all that was romantic, exquisite, and passionate in the males of his day. "There were," writes Miss Winwar in her epilogue, "three components of this human triangle: the love of a man for a woman for art's sake; the love of a woman for the man who has awakened her to spiritual as well as sensual

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exaltation, the dedicated love of a youth for love's sake only."

THE novel begins when Liszt comes to Paris after one of his triumphant tours abroad. He had been showered with flowers and scented notes from feminine admirers, a young man somewhat wearied of his role as the inspired and amorous musician who had six pianos on the platform, lest in his more passionate moments he should break the strings of five of them. Alphonsine had in a few years become the most celebrated courtesan of that city of elegance and debauchery. Her face was as pure as an angel's, her body as fair as that in a Renaissance painting. Her lovers were the most envied men of Paris; her exquisite boudoir contained a fabulous hoard of jewels and priceless objects of art. A titled youth was half mad for love of this angelic prostitute.

It was destined that she should meet Liszt and fall head over heels in love with him when marriage with a young count would have solved her problems, including her slight but irritating cough. Finally, perhaps as a last effort to save her life, the courtesan ran off to London to marry the lover she had abandoned and whom she thought she might save from madness. The next day she deserted him, returning to London and to Liszt. She had gained a title and a coat of arms for her silver; but soon Liszt was away again, and her sickness increased. On his last visit to her boudoir he saw an angelic woman dying on the exquisite couch he had bought for her.

In the course of this astounding and fateful romance a few doubts may creep into the bemused reader's mind. Is it conceivable that, even in voluptuous Paris a century ago, Alphonsine Plessis, after so many lovers, could have died of love for a man whom she could never, in any real sense, possess, a man who gave everything he had to his art, his audiences, and his fame? And Franz von Liszt, too, seems the archetype of the man destined always to run away from love. Was he as great a composer and man as Miss Winwar believes, or was he half artist and half actor and mountebank?

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THE ANIMALS ONE BY ONE

Ned Beatty Bartlow of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, submits twenty book titles containing the names of various living creatures, including even man. Alongside these she has jumbled the names of twenty authors, and she asks you to assign the proper titles to the proper authors. If you get fifteen correct answers, you are out of the doghouse (just); if sixteen, you are entitled to wear a yellow ribbon; if seventeen or better, you rate admission to "Whose Zoo?" Answers on page 29.

1. The Brave Bulls	( ) G. B. Stern
2. Lady Into Fox	( ) Mary Jane Ward
3. Elephant and Castle	( ) Mark Twain
4. The Deer on the Stairs	( ) Ouida
5. The Buck in the Snow	( ) Jack London
6. Moon Calf	( ) David Garnett
7. The Ugly Dachshund	( ) Floyd Dell
8. The Sea Wolf	( ) Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings
9. The Cat and the King	( ) John Masefield
10. The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County	( ) R. C. Hutchinson
11. Three Blind Mice	( ) John Steinbeck
12. The Hound of Heaven	( ) Diana Forbes Robertson
13. Reynard the Fox	( ) Tom Lea
14. The Snake Pit	( ) Percy Wyndham Lewis
15. The Yearling	( ) Ernest Seton Thompson
16. A Dog of Flanders	( ) L. F. Cooper
17. Monarch, the Big Bear	( ) Christina Stead
18. Of Mice and Men	( ) Agatha Christie
19. The People with the Dogs	( ) Edna St. Vincent Millay
20. Apes of God	( ) Francis Thompson

Riddles of Royalty

***"Temptation for a King," by John H. Secondari** (J. B. Lippincott. 279 pp. $3.50), is literary proof that summer is on its way—a light, agreeable story about a king in exile and the motley crew that makes up his court.*

By Al Hine

IT IS 178 years since our Founding Fathers cut loose from the British Crown, 162 years since the formation of the French First Republic, thirty-seven years since the Russian upheaval. Two world wars helped finish off scattered monarchies not toppled directly by revolution. And yet in this year of dubious grace 1954 royalty seems still to be awesome and exciting.

It's an ancient spell and one that has always fascinated the romantic novelist. John H. Secondari works over the subject lightly and divertingly, hardly more than scratching the top soil, yet managing to keep the reader's interest, in his second novel, "Temptation for a King."

Julian IV, ex-king of a nameless nation, is living in comfortable exile in Sorrento with a handful of loyal nobles and old retainers. Julian has a ne'er-do-well, Farouklike brother, Prince Philip, and a seemingly nymphomaniac sister, Princess Irene, who drain both his spiritual and financial resources. Suddenly, due to a political crisis in the homeland, he has a chance to regain his throne. This would be a world-shaking event, so an American radio network correspondent shows up at Julian's retreat displaying all the mannerisms of a movie reporter, good-guy division. (There is a rival Yank newsman who appears briefly in order to display the mannerisms of a movie reporter, bad-guy division.) There is also a beautiful American girl who is sort of a reporter, too.

The flaws in "Temptation for a King" are traceable not so much to the familiarity of its characters as to its overall lack of depth. The decision with which Julian is faced fails to have any real meaning since the reader gets no idea of what political crisis lies behind the movement for his recall. Just one of those crises, that's all. And the international importance, the news value of the decision are sloughed off the same way. You are told several times that it *is* very important, but you never actually learn why. This absence of background extends even to the minor characters—

(*Continued on page* 34)

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Desertion and the Miserable

"The Execution of Private Slovik," by William Bradford Huie *(Clothbound: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 246 pp. $3.50. Paperbound: New American Library. 152 pp. 25¢), is a report on the case of the Detroit youth who holds the distinction of being the only American soldier to have been shot for desertion in the face of the enemy since the Civil War. Gordon Harrison, who reviews it here, is military critic on the staff of the* Detroit News.

By Gordon Harrison

ALTHOUGH since 1864 thousands of American soldiers have been tried and convicted for deserting in the face of the enemy, only one has been shot. He was Private Eddie D. Slovik of Detroit, Michigan, who died before the firing squad on January 31, 1945.

Why? Why did he alone have to die? Why did the Army, which had spared so many, feel that it could show no mercy for Slovik? Was he so much more wicked or only so much more unfortunate than the others who had equally defied authority? In an absorbing and disturbing narrative of the entanglement of one man with the United States Army entitled "The Execution of Private Slovik," William Bradford Huie explores these central questions and along the way raises many more which must challenge every thinking American.

One question is quickly answered. Eddie Slovik was not wicked in the sense that he was depraved beyond hope of redemption for a useful life. On the contrary, although he had spent five years in a reformatory for petty crimes, the evidence is that when the war came along he had already worked out a kind of redemption, whether permanent or not no one can say. He had found a strong woman whom he loved and whom he could lean on. He was not only going straight, but he was working hard in the normal way for the security of position and possession. When he had been just an ex-con and the war was new the Army had not wanted him. When he found his feet the Army, hard-pressed for men, decided to overlook the prison record and accept his reform as indicating his fitness to serve.

Here was the basic quarrel between Eddie Slovik and the United States. Slovik could argue that he was unjustly snatched from the only happiness he had ever known because he had gone straight. At any time he might have avoided service by violating parole and going back to prison. The Army observed that it needed men, that Slovik was physically and morally qualified to do his part, and that the hardship he suffered was no worse than that suffered by millions of other Americans. To the great impersonal organization on the one hand and to the injured youth on the other, what had happened seemed eminently simple. It was not. One tragedy is that the system never permitted the real complications to appear to the principals until it was too late.

Since the Army had drafted Slovik after first declaring him unfit material for a soldier, did the Army not undertake a special responsibility to make a soldier out of him? More than justice to one man was involved. If the Army by rejecting ex-convicts proclaims the need for a moral fiber in its fighting men, it has said in effect that the weak, the maladjusted, the anti-social, constitute an intolerable danger to the discipline of the organization. Yet Slovik was at last accepted as though he were just another recruit to be fitted into whatever table of organization had a vacancy. He was trained for the infantry. Apparently he was trained well. Mr. Huie, quoting from letters which Slovik wrote from boot camp, comments that the Army almost succeeded in making a soldier out of him. The near success, however, only underlines the final failure, for it is apparent that once Slovik was absorbed in the system, the system no longer remembered the special problem that he represented.

SLOVIK was shipped overseas as an infantry replacement and, like thousands of others, he was sent to the front in a packet of bodies to join a strange outfit under enemy fire. Stronger men than Slovik lost their nerve or needlessly lost their lives under such handling, as cruel as it was inefficient. Perhaps that experience of facing death in battle alone without any sense of belonging was decisive for Eddie Slovik, deserter. Perhaps not. In any case, it was the system's final, tragic act of forgetfulness. The sequel was inexorable.

W. B. Huie—"squarely up to us."

The day after Private Slovik joined his outfit, he went over the hill. He left deliberately, openly. He made sure he would be caught, tried, and convicted. He wanted to get out of enemy fire into the security of jail.

That finally was what determined the Army authorities all the way up the chain of command to General Eisenhower to give Eddie Slovik not imprisonment but death. To permit one man flagrantly to defy the authority of the United States, it was believed, must poison the discipline without which the nation ultimately could not defend itself. Yet if the final conclusion is indisputable, the nagging questions remain: Was it necessary for the case of Slovik against the United States to come to this pass? Was he executed only because he deserted?

Clearly these questions are not only of deep moral concern, but they go to the heart of some very practical problems about the relation between the citizen and the nation in these times of insecurity. The story which Mr. Huie tells, thoughtfully for the most part and with dramatic effect, cannot furnish any complete answers. Yet the evidence here brought to bear is vital and vitally worth the attention of all Americans, the more so since the book addresses by implication to the people as a whole one last big question: If the Army executed Private Slovik to make an example of him for the good of discipline, why has the case been kept under wraps for eight years? The only conceivable answer is that the Army feared public opinion would not take in peacetime the decision made in war. And that puts the issue squarely up to us.

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Want a Laugh?

"The Seduction of the Innocent," by Fredric Wertham, M.D. *(Rinehart. 400 pp. $4), is a documented indictment of the publications inaccurately known as "comics" for their contribution to juvenile delinquency. Our reviewer, Dr. Winfred Overholser, is superintendent of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C., and editor-in-chief of the* Quarterly Review of Psychiatry and Neurology.

By Winfred Overholser, M.D.

THE views of Dr. Fredric Wertham regarding the evil influence of the so-called "comic books" are already well known to readers of *The Saturday Review* ("The Comics . . . Very Funny!," May 29, 1948). Indeed, anyone who reads a book or article by Dr. Wertham is never in doubt regarding his views; he uses his observation and long experience effectively, and expresses his conclusions with vigor. In such volumes as "Dark Legend" and "The Show of Violence" he has presented studies in crime and criminal psychopathology; in his latest, "The Seduction of the Innocent," he deals with what he looks upon as a potent factor in delinquency, the "comics."

Whether or not we agree with the publisher's claim that the book is the result of "scientific investigation," there is no doubt of Dr. Wertham's long study of the role played by the comics in the mental life of the children seen by him at the Lafargue Clinic in New York. His theme is that the "chronic stimulation, temptation, and seduction [provided] by comic books . . . are contributing factors to many children's maladjustment."

Some of the chapter headings indicate the lines of approach taken by the author: "You Always Have to Slug 'Em," "Retooling for Illiteracy," "Design for Delinquency," "Bumps and Bulges," "The Experts for the Defense," and "Homicide at Home."

The most serious indictment is that the comics are a considerable factor in encouraging juvenile delinquency and in establishing false standards of ethics and conduct. Violence, robbery, mayhem, theft, burglary, deceit of various sorts, murder, cruelty of various types are depicted in detail; persons of other than white races are shown as infra-human, while the white hero is presented as the Nietzschean Nordic superman; sexual approaches are associated with violence in such a way as to contribute to sadistic fantasies. "They suggest," writes Dr. Wertham, "the forms a delinquent impulse may take and supply details of technique." This indictment is plentifully documented, but it is not all.

The advertisements in the "comics" are such as to foster hypochondriasis by appealing to adolescent worries over bust development, obesity, or skin blemishes, or to encourage violence and voyeurism by the sale of knives, guns, and binoculars. Again, Dr. Wertham indicts the comics as anti-educational. First of all, they appeal to the non-reader, and of this group there are many. The author reports that 5 to 10 per cent of high-school children and college students are so deficient in reading that they need individual remedial instruction; children with such deficiencies are readily appealed to by the colored pictures. But further than this, the picture of life presented by the "comics" is so far from that presented in literature or real life that it fails to have any effect of educating for social living. "In vain," says the author, "does one look in comic books for seeds of constructive work or of ordinary home life." What the comics give . . . is either the reality of the sordid or . . . glamorized unreality!"

The crime comics are "big business," estimated by the author (and others) at about 100 million dollars a year and with a circulation of about ninety million copies a month. Such a Behemoth is not likely to be squelched easily, as Dr. Wertham points out; when expert "advisory editors" cannot be located in sufficient numbers other means seem to be found, he indicates, to obviate legislative and other roadblocks. Such obstacles, however, have been set up in Canada, France, and England, and if the industry (especially the *non*-members of the Association of Comics Magazine Publishers) shows itself unwilling or unable to police itself, it may well be, as a Congressional committee puts it, that "the public will demand Governmental action."

Whether or not one agrees with all of Dr. Wertham's conclusions, he has presented incontrovertible evidence as to some of the material now published in the name of "comic books," material which, even if not so potent a factor as he may claim in the causation of delinquency, is certainly a pernicious influence in the education of the young.

Rigors of Heresy

"The Test of Freedom," by Norman Thomas *(W. W. Norton. 211 pp. $3), is an attempt by the leader of the Socialist Party in America to find a democratic way between the extremes of McCarthyism and Communism. Here it is reviewed by Sidney Hook, professor of philosophy at New York University, author of "Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No."*

By Sidney Hook

NORMAN THOMAS is probably among the most radical of the liberal critics of McCarthy and his associates. But, oddly enough, he is invulnerable to the typical counter-attacks made by defenders of McCarthy, whose anti-Communist fervor has led them to embrace the principle of Communist immoralism that the end justifies the use of any means. For Norman Thomas has been not only America's champion defender of civil rights. He has also been a more consistent, more vigorous, and more effective opponent of Communism than Senator McCarthy. He has known the dangers of the Communist movement since its inception, he has lived and fought with it, been calumniated and smeared by it for almost thirty-five years. That is why one completes his book, whose closing sentence is, "It is for us to prove that neither Communism nor McCarthyism is the end of the American dream," with the conviction that here is the unanswerable rejoinder to modern cultural and political vigilantes.

It is an unanswerable rejoinder because it is a thoughtful and informed rejoinder which does not blink the facts of Communist penetration in the past or deny the tremendous problems posed by fifth-column activity, which must be faced and solved without violating the rationale of the democratic process. It is in this respect that Norman Thomas's book conspicuously distinguishes itself from many eloquent writings about freedom which are long on good will and short on good sense. Such writings describe the Communist Party as if it were like all other political parties and therefore conclude that as far as *employment* is concerned members of the Communist Party have the same "rights" or "privileges" as members of any other legal party.

One outstanding charactertistic of Norman Thomas's discussion of the question of civil liberties is its freedom from slogans and rhetorical in-

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cantation. He acknowledges indebtedness to this reviewer for the distinction between heresy and conspiracy, but applies this distinction in an illuminating way to a whole cluster of problems ranging from criteria of screening in sensitive posts to the Smith and McCarran Acts. Norman Thomas believes that members of the Communist Party should enjoy *legal* rights on the same terms as other citizens. He holds that the Smith Act was misconceived and misapplied. He would not repeal the law but amend it, to apply only in the following situations: (a) teaching of methods of espionage or sabotage; (b) advocacy or actual organization of an underground or paramilitary organization so interpreted as to cover also the Klu Klux Klan; (c) advocacy of force and violence when such advocacy constitutes a clear and present danger that the actions will be undertaken. The determination of "clear and present danger" is to be left to the jury, not to the court.

Members or leaders of the Communist Party who do not fall within the above categories, urges Thomas, should not be molested in any way nor should their Party be outlawed. But as distinct from certain ritualistic liberals, he does not confuse the right to stay out of jail with the right to hold a particular job, especially in a government to whose overthrow at the first opportune moment the Communist Party member is pledged. In effect, this confusion is exhibited by those who assert that individuals in government positions should be judged only by their performance not by their affiliation, even if their affiliation is with Communist organizations. In other words, acts of sabotage and espionage would be punished after they had taken place instead of prevented by removing untrustworthy individuals before they could carry out their instructions and do damage. Thomas rightly rejects this absurd view and calls attention to the fact that some of the most vehement critics of a security program would never dream of hiring in their own business, even in a secretarial capacity, individuals whose membership in certain organizations could be legitimately construed as *prima facie* evidence of bad faith. Mr. Thomas also believes that *some* positions in private employment (but not in radio or TV) are "as sensitive to security requirements as any government posts." He gives some illustrations but his treatment here is too sketchy to be very helpful.

IT IS a sign of the times that Mr. Thomas's combination of common sense, knowledge, and passion for freedom should appear to be so refreshly and dramatically apropos. In denouncing McCarthy's extremism, he does not fall into the trap of an hysterical counter-extremism. He does not characterize McCarthy as a Fascist but as an American demagogue exploiting America's legitimate concern over the danger of international Communism to free institutions. He regards the harm which McCarthy has done to the American position abroad as far graver than the harm he has done at home.

With respect to the domestic scene Norman Thomas does not paint the picture in such colors as to suggest that the main positions of freedom have been lost, that writers and editors and professors are terrified, and that the local setbacks to the American tradition of freedom are irretrievable. He does not believe in irresponsible exaggeration even in a good cause. Although this is a fighting book, it has balance and perspective. Concerning that sector of the field of civil rights which includes race relations, he says "I should like to preface my present inquiry by bearing testimony to the growth of the American conscience during the years of my adult life. . . ."

The key to Norman Thomas's thought here as elsewhere is his belief that the ethics of the democratic process takes primacy to the mechanics of government and of economics. He has never been a doctrinaire or fanatical socialist who confused the good life with an efficient economy. His stature as a democratic American grows with the time. Our children will see him as one of America's representative men in the tradition of Emerson and John Dewey.

—*From "The Herblock Book."*

"A Sensational Announcement, Folks!—"

Mr. Ohio Senator

***"The Taft Story," by William S. White** (Harper. 288 pp. $3.50), is an account of the career of the late Senator from Ohio and an assessment of his contributions to American political life. Below it is reviewed by Jack Steele, staff writer for the Scripps-Howard newspapers, who has been covering the Washington scene, and particularly Congress, for the past nine years.*

By Jack Steele

THE LATE Robert A. Taft was always controversial and sometimes self-contradictory. He may find a place in history as the most powerful American political figure who failed to reach the Presidency. Certainly he wielded more power in the nation's affairs than many men who have occupied the White House. The main controversies of his career, and many of the contradictions, are set forth colorfully and analyzed with much perception by William S. White in his new book on the Senator, "The Taft Story."

If this book could be classified as a biography, it would easily be the most interesting and readable one to hit the stalls in some time. Strictly speaking, it is not, and does not pretend to be, a biography. Except in its early chapters on his Cincinnati background, it offers few facts on "Mr. Republican" not already known to reasonably faithful newspaper readers.

What it is, rather, is a series of essays on Senator Taft's major victories and defeats in the Congress he so long dominated and in his political campaigns. The essays cover most of the highlights: his Taft-Hartley Act "masterwork," his bitter defeats at the 1948 and 1952 Republican conventions, his "vindication" in the 1950 Ohio election, the "surrender" he won on Morningside Heights, his "prime ministership" for Eisenhower, his heroic final illness.

This is a book Mr. White was singularly fitted to write. As Congressional correspondent for *The New York Times*, he watched and covered Taft in action during the decade that crowned his life. As a Southern liberal, he was able to do so with more detachment than some reporters could muster.

It is obvious that Mr. White watched the Senator's activities with utter fascination, with much admiration for his integrity and forthrightness, and with fairly constant disapproval of his basic

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viewpoints and important decisions.

Freed from the ordinary restraints of daily newspapering, Mr. White has now let himself go with a whole series of highly critical appraisals of the whys, wherefores, and results of much that Taft said and did. He presents these opinions with much persuasiveness, but often without bothering about the buttressing facts usually considered essential in works of biography or even of current history. That, of course, helps to make "The Taft Story" fascinating. Almost every page contains a sharply-tailored vignette, a revealing anecdote, or a previously unreportable aside—all of which give new clues to the Senator's motives and to his sometimes inexplicable words and actions. All this is done in the clean, lucid style which has made the author the envy of his colleagues.

SINCE Mr. White has not ducked judgments on most of the big controversies which swirled about Taft's head, his book will inevitably be involved in controversies. Many of Taft's ardent admirers won't like Mr. White's critical judgments. Some of the Senator's former associates and aides, who are blistered unmercifully, are not going to be happy about it. Taftites may decide that even Mr. White's praise is given with a patronizing air.

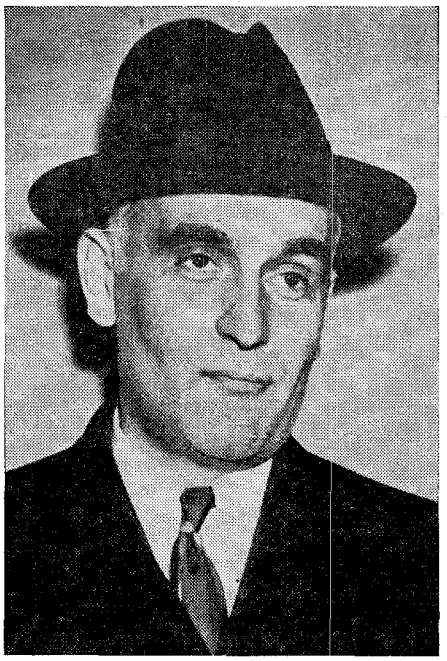
Taft's political enemies, on the other hand, may feel that some of his angular corners are rounded off and that too many apologies are made for his obvious mistakes.

Mr. White has wisely refrained from trying to assign "Mr. Republican" to his precise place in history, but the accumulation of his judgments tends to do that. They add up to about this: Taft's was clearly a voice from the past, he quite literally had the "best eighteenth-century mind" in the Senate, much of his career was a futile battle for a conservativism and constitutionalism which were already dying when he moved into the national scene.

This is only to suggest that few people will be able to read "The Taft Story" apart from their own political and personal views and passions.

That does not, however, detract from the book's substantial virtues. It is as close to an "inside story" as could be written about a politician who was so aloof and unbending even with trusted associates.

When a definitive biography of Taft is written, as it surely will be, the broad picture it paints probably will not be much different from Mr. White's. And it is a good bet that it will not be as widely and enjoyably read.



—*From "Syndicate City."*

Paul "The Waiter" Ricca surrenders in 1943.

Gangland Sanctuary

"Syndicate City," by Alson J. Smith *(Henry Regnery. 290 pp. $4.50) is an account of organized crime in Chicago, yesterday and today. Our reviewer, Herman Kogan of the* Chicago Sun-Times, *is co-author of "Big Bill of Chicago."*

By Herman Kogan

IN an earlier book, "Chicago's Left Bank," Alson J. Smith penned a paean to the town's culture; he sang soulfully of past literary, artistic, and dramatic glories, he cried feverishly about what he considers its present "literary renaissance." In "Syndicate City" he is a different man. For this is a wrathful, indignant, and free-swinging account of the town's crime, past and present, and of the forces, public officials, and social circumstances that have, through the many sordid years, protected, condoned, and winked at the evils.

He is, to be objectively honest about it, on much safer ground in this book than in the other. For it is a pretty incontrovertible fact—despite the periodic disclaimers from the boys in the City Hall—that the inheritors of the ways and traditions of the Johnny Torrios and Al Capones are more real and thriving than the ones who are alleged to have fallen heir to the abilities or fame of the Theodore Dreisers and the Sherwood Andersons.

Whatever the book's defects, and it has them, its main virtue—and perhaps one important enough to shade the weaknesses—is that it emphasizes the social irresponsibility of the Chicago citizens who indirectly, but vitally, help the crime syndicate thrive and flourish. Quite properly, Smith thrusts a quivering finger at the apathetic burgher who cares little about the kind of men he elects to big and little offices and at the selfish one—usually well-heeled, all set to move to the suburbs—who thinks he does nothing to help the syndicate when he patronizes the bookies or fixes a traffic ticket or bribes a building inspector or drops a few bucks in silver into the slot machines at the local American Legion meeting hall.

He also is on the right track when he names the city's ward committeemen as the key figures in the crime-politics setup, for these worthies (there are, as always, a few upright citizens among them but woefully outnumbered) are the boys with "the clout," who deliver the votes on election day, take care of getting soft jobs for worthy followers, arrange, by and large, for "the fix" whenever necessary.

But long before the reader comes to Smith's main points about how to cure the virulent disease, he must plow through a turgid mass of historical material that has been told over and over and over again. He will read again about Mike McDonald and Bathhouse John and Hinky Dink, of Mont Tennes and Jim Colosimo and Johnny Torrio, of Al Capone and Hymie Weiss, and of the present-day heirs of these bravos, Tony ("Joe Batters") Accardo and Paul ("The Waiter") Ricca, the latter tabbed by Smith as the No. 1 man of the Mafia in Chicago.

There is no sensible reason for this stale rehash unless the writing is better than in previous books or the facts newer or more significant. And neither is true of "Syndicate City." Smith is often quite breezy in style, but he is no match for the late Fred Pasley in "Al Capone: The Biography of a Self-Made Man." He shovels details to the reader by the thousands, but he is far from being as well organized or engrossing as Herbert Asbury was in "Gem of the Prairie." His account of how the Mafia operates has been duplicated not only in thousands of Sunday supplement rewrites, but more ably in Ed Reid's book of that infamous and terrifying combine.

SMITH'S best material results from his own experiences with the crime syndicate. As a young social worker

(*Continued on page* 34)

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PERSONAL HISTORY

High Priests of Martini

"Minutes of the Last Meeting," by Gene Fowler *(Viking Press. 277 pp. $3.75), is a composite biography of four men of talent who guzzled it away: John Barrymore, W. C. Fields, John Decker, and, not least of all, the ineffable Sadakichi Hartmann.*

By Lee Rogow

IN ONE of his short pieces, James Thurber offers a portrait of a man who is unbearably stimulating. Everyone agrees this chap is a genius, but his promise of great personal accomplishment is indefinitely delayed in fulfilment; it seems he is much too busy drinking the whiskey, making loud the living rooms, and low-rating the achievements of his admiring friends to realize his supposed destiny.

Such a person was Sadakichi Hartmann, a half-Japanese, half-German bag of bones who is the central figure of "Minutes of the Last Meeting," a new book by Gene Fowler which can best be described as the notebook for a biography. Sadakichi Hartmann was called "the Gray Chrysanthemum" by John Barrymore, "a bamboo bridge connecting the artistic and literary scene of the 1880's with that of our own time," by Gene Fowler, and "a no-good bum," by the incomparable W. C. Fields.

The astonishing fact about Sadakichi Hartmann was that he was so old that his memories penetrated into history. When Paul Verlaine, who chewed pencils while he worked, passed to a poet's reward in France, Sadakichi Hartmann assisted the widow in chewing up several dozen pencils, which were sold to admirers to help defray the costs of the funeral. In Walt Whitman's last days, Sadakichi Hartmann was his part-time amanuensis, and he could report from personal memory that the old gentleman had baby-blue eyes, walked with a limp, and responded to most questions with a simple, "Oy, oy!"

Such anecdotes as these persuaded Fowler that he should write the biography of this shambling ruin, and over a period of years he supported, interviewed, and endured this waspish, impolite, cultivated, drunken, remarkable old man. Many of the conversations took place in the studio of a Hollywood artist named John Decker. To this same refuge there customarily repaired W. C. Fields and John Barrymore, two comets sputtering into darkness. The projected biography of Sadakichi Hartmann has become instead the bright and bittersweet record of the last pages in these four intersecting lives.

For me the most affecting of these memories are those of John Barrymore, who was gifted as few mortals have been gifted. He had brilliance, he had talent, he had a luminous physical beauty which decades of dissipation could never completely blur. In the end, the liquor grayed out areas of his mind. He could not remember what he had said a minute before. In those last radio and movie appearances in which he consented to burlesque himself he recited his lines from "idiot boards" held up out of camera range. Peace had ever eluded him, his art had become parody, his body a gutted edifice —there was nothing left but to drink in the company of friends and to hope to die with dignity. And yet, even in this decay, his mind sparkles, his spirit leaps, he describes Sadakichi Hartmann as "presumably sired by Mephistopheles out of Madame Butterfly."

W. C. Fields, giant of clowns, master mechanic of jugglers, had by this time turned into a terrible old man. His politics were paranoic, as were his relations with the servants, to whom he addressed profane harangues on the intercom radio of his estate. While he waited for the "man in the bright nightgown" he dosed himself from a rubber keg containing that modern Lethean water, the iced martini.

John Decker, the fourth member of this doomed quartet, was a cartoonist with ambitions to be a fine artist; it was his major frustration that Sadakichi Hartmann, a skilled art critic, denounced his oils while consuming his food and wine.

Fowler has made of their stories what appears to me to be the best of his biographical works. The muddy stream of his style has somehow plunged underground and emerged clear, filtered of the denseness and isn't-it-all-too-wonderful heroics which clouded "Good Night Sweet Prince," "Schnozzola," and "Beau James." This volume has dignity, narrative pace, and is infused by a gentle sadness. "Minutes of the Last Meeting" is a finely-felt epitaph to a group of men who lived intensely "as do children and poets and jaguars," men who, in Fowler's phrase, "were their own executioners."

Barrymore, Hartmann, Decker, and W. C. Fields—"four intersecting lives."

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Moonlight Business

***"Smugglers' Paradise," by Antony Were** (E. P. Dutton. 247 pp. $3.50), reports on the somewhat romantic lives of a number of Europeans whose business is big-time smuggling.*

By Merle Miller

ANTONY WERE, an Englishman about whom we are told only that he is a veteran of the Royal Navy, started out to write a comprehensive study of international smugglers. The job was clearly beyond him and possibly any other lone investigator. What he has done instead is produce in "Smugglers' Paradise" a fairly entertaining adventure story about a group of remarkably unattractive men who make a fair living and sometimes small fortunes by doing on a professional scale what Mr. Were contends almost everybody tries or would like to try on an amateur basis.

In eight months, Were talked to smugglers in England and France, the Riviera, and Tangier. Some were simply marginal businessmen, operators like Don Ferret, a middle-man who arranged for his smuggling clients to get the best possible prices for their goods. Then there are Hank the Yank and Harry Boy. Harry was a Cockney, but Hank, clearly the brains, is a veteran of the U.S. Navy. He and his partner have registered their shipping firm both in London and Tangier and, according to Were, control one of the most successful smuggling rings operating in Europe. They are willing to smuggle almost anything, although they have found, as have most of their colleagues, that diamonds and human beings are the most profitable commodities. There is also a considerable revenue in narcotics and in the new wonder drugs now so much in demand.

On the Continent, Were meets up with a Dutchman who seems to emerge straight out of one of the more primitive Oppenheim novels or a John Houston movie, as well as a "Monsieur X," whose taste in women is unexcelled. However, Were never does find out much about the man who apparently heads the largest ring in Europe, a character known only as Roger Le Legionnaire.

The true paradise for smugglers as well as most of the other activities frowned upon by more law-abiding societies is Tangier, where there is no income tax, only a 12½ per cent import duty on all goods. In that international haven anything from a bar of English chocolate to a sub-machine gun can be bought with no questions asked. Morality is non-existent.

MOST of what Mr. Were says is inconclusive, and the best stories are the ones he knows least about. For example, there is the unverified mystery of a ship he has called the *Saint Josef*, which allegedly disappeared in a storm on its way from Algiers to Marseilles; actually, it appears to have been captured by a group of freelancing pirates off the coast of Spain. Were believes it is now being used to run guns and dope along the North African coast.

On a somewhat more rustic level, there are the citizens of Cornwall, almost all of whom smuggle a little when the mood is on them. The activity has been going on there for some four hundred years now, and Cornwall is to smuggling what Oxford is to scholarship.

Not surprisingly, Mr. Were has also populated his book with a number of women, most of them stupid and all of them more or less blonde. One, a former radio operator in the French Resistance, he calls Louise. Hank the Yank, in one of the sentences least likely to have been uttered anywhere at any time, is quoted as having said of her, "If you put class, education, and brains into a woman, and then give her a taste for murder, arson, and streetfighting, you don't get a cream-and-peaches doll."

I'm afraid Louise isn't very believable, but then neither is a lot of the rest of this book. The trouble with so many of these recent adventure stories is that there is no guarantee of their authenticity. Maybe that doesn't matter. Just ask Quentin Reynolds.

The Losers

***"Three Men," by Jean Evans** (Alfred A. Knopf. 296 pp. $3.75), presents the case histories of a trio of emotionally upset individuals who found it impossible to meet society on its own terms. Below it is reviewed by Albert Deutsch, author of "The Mentally Ill in America," and other books.*

By Albert Deutsch

YOU CAN find the stuff of "Three Men" cramming the case-record files of many social agencies and probation bureaus, but you won't find it delineated with the finished artistry and repertorial skill that Jean Evans displays in an unusual book, "Three Men: An Experiment in the Biography of Emotions." Here are the case histories of three misery-laden men, narrated largely in their own words, infused with the insight of a compassionate writer who unobtrusively informs her stories with modern psychological and sociological knowledge.

The three men have these characteristics in common: they are frustrated, unwanted, unloved, unanchored, embittered, self-pitying, emotionally twisted individuals who can't get a foothold in life, who flounder about in bewildered desperation, seeking to attain a status that seems ever beyond their reach. They may appear strange and even bizarre to many readers, but any social worker or probation officer can attest to their commonality in our society.

There is Johnny Rocco, the child of the slums, who saw his father bleed to death on the kitchen floor, where he had been dumped by companions after a drunken brawl. Johnny wished desperately to be loved and wanted; his fumbling, pugnacious behavior gained him only the fear and dislike of his childhood peers, who shunned him, and the contempt and suspicion of his elders, who continually berated and punished him. He was a nuisance at home, a trial to his teachers, and a burden to police. He conceived the world about him as a hostile camp, and he moved through it with a chip on his shoulder. His attitude toward the world at large was summed up in a statement to Miss Evans:

> Cops? They're no good. Two-bit phonies and racketeers. I'm old now and I know the rackets they run. They beat the law themselves and then they go out and arrest some poor kid. The guys outside the law, they'll gyp you. You got to watch your step. You can't

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trust anybody. Your own gang will insult you. Your own family, they'll call you a jerk. I don't team up with anybody. I'm what you call—here today and gone tomorrow.

We find him at the end, having attained a precariously slight degree of respectability, with a wife and two children, jumping from job to job, trying to learn to read and write because "I want to make something of myself."

THE second man is William Miller, whose mother died five days after his birth and his father six months later, who spent the first fifteen years of his life in orphanages, harboring a morbid fascination for the earth where his parents lay buried, dreaming of the dead and failing at everything in life—jobs, marriage, human relationships generally. Like Johnny, his desperate efforts to get people to like him end mainly in attracting contempt and suspicion.

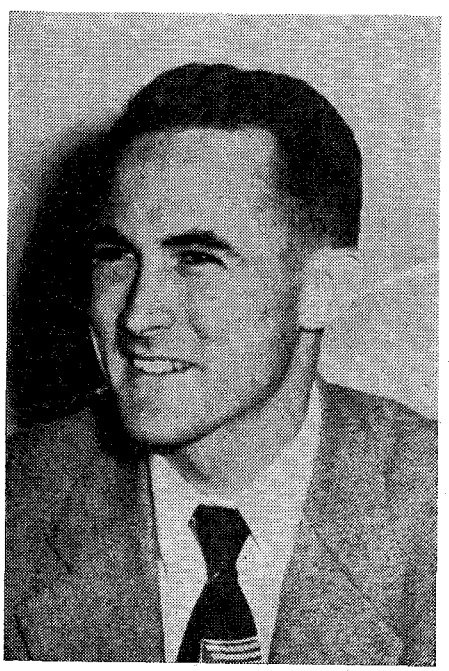
Experience teaches him little. He is in constant flight from himself and the outside world. His petty thefts bring him jail sentences. Momentary elation, based mainly on unrealistic appraisals of his situation and abilities, culminate in long periods of black despair. He goes blind at forty-one, wakes up one morning six years later to find his sight restored "miraculously," only to wind up in a Southern prison, totally blind again.

The third man, Martin Beardson, unlike the other two, is a well-educated product of a middle-class home disrupted by a six-years' separation of his parents beginning when the boy was two years of age. He hates his father, a self-made businessman, and idealizes his socially-active mother, who is too busy making the rounds of teas and parties to spend much time with him. His life undergoes a steady deterioration from his fourteenth year of life, when his mother dies. He leaves home, turns vagabond, gets involved in homosexual scrapes which occasionally bring him into the coils of the law, works at odd jobs briefly, and restlessly moves from one cheap rooming-house to another, bewailing his circumstance yet doing nothing to improve it. He fails to make a single satisfying personal relationship. His spirits fluctuate between phantasies of grandeur and feelings of guilt. He proclaims Shaw, Nietzsche, and Gandhi as his intellectual models. He keeps a detailed diary of his homosexual experiences, and writes endless narcissistic drivel in a stream-of-consciousness and disorganized manner.

At twenty-five, Martin is working as a part-time messenger, regarding himself as a misunderstood genius unjustly deprived of the social status to which he is entitled: "The idea that I should have to live in these trashy, shoddy surroundings. It has always been that way. Everything—everything I have ever had has been second-rate."

Miss Evans's book had an unusual evolution. Some years ago she did a lengthy feature article on Johnny Rocco for the Sunday section of the late New York newspaper *PM*, which was then developing a form of psycho-social biography that became distinctive. Dr. Gordon W. Allport, professor of psychology at Harvard, was so struck by Miss Evans's treatment of the Johnny Rocco story, that he used it as a model of case-history writing in his classes. Later he had it reprinted in the "Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology," where her William Miller sketch was also published subsequently. Professor Allport encouraged Miss Evans to do other "lives" in the same vein; meanwhile her Rocco and Miller stories—greatly expanded and brought up to date in the present volume—were being used by an increasing number of instructors conducting classes in social work, psychology, and criminology. In his introduction to "Three Men," Professor Allport expresses the hope that the blended literary and scientific approach used by Miss Evans will inspire professionals to improve their own case-writing.

One can only echo his hope, with the added observation that "Three Men" makes absorbing and profitable reading for anyone interested in human beings.



Jim Marugg—"mental victory."

The Crippler Beaten

***"Beyond Endurance," by Ann Walters and Jim Marugg** (Harper. 178 pp. $2.50), is the story of a young man's struggle with polio and of his victory over suffering and handicap. Our reviewer, Ellen Day Patterson, herself had polio and spent a long period of rehabilitation at Warm Springs.*

By Ellen Day Patterson

RECENTLY the distinguished mountain climber, Maurice Herzog, himself painfully crippled in the French ascent of Annapurna, was asked on a television program, "Why do men climb mountains?" His answer was an eloquent and mystical affirmation of this dangerous calling. At the end of it, the moderator said only half-quizzically, "Yes, that's all very interesting—but why do men climb mountains?"

Had this same interviewer asked the various polio victims who have written about their experience with this dread disease, "Why do you do it? Why do you write about such sufferings?" the answer might well elude him in this case also, for it is equally subtle and complex.

Ann Walters and her son-in-law, Jim Marugg, authors of "Beyond Endurance," might give a lucid answer, because theirs is a book which has a message not only for other polio sufferers, but for all those interested in any human struggle with adversity and affliction.

Jim Marugg was a thirty-year-old newspaper sportswriter in California, with a wife and two children, when polio hit him. He was about as critically ill as one can be, and survive. He thus experienced the brush with death and the sudden and utter helplessness which seem to give most polios a new dimension in life, a broader framework of moral and spiritual values, no matter to what extent they afterwards recover.

The physical recovery of the author is far from complete today. When Marugg finally returned to his old job (after a year in the hospital and respiration center, and months of rehabilitation at home) his breathing and left arm were almost back to normal, but his right arm was paralyzed above the elbow, his trunk muscles were very weak, and both legs still virtually useless. Yet his mental victory over this cruel illness is complete as well as inspiring. Not once in this book does he let one feel

(*Continued on page* 33)

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The Saturday Review

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Culture in Soft Covers

LACKING a millionaire partner who is allergic to reading balance-sheets, no man with any financial acumen would attempt in these days to launch a book-publishing house with contemporary novels priced at three to five dollars, non-fiction ranging from three-fifty to ten dollars, and an occasional lean volume of poetry at two-fifty. The older, long-established firms can ride through the storm of paperbacks now flooding the country by leaning on the continuing sales of valuable lists of "backlog" books; then there are children's books and textbook departments whose roseate future is based on the astonishing fertility of the American people over the last decade.

Nevertheless, the trade-book department is the heart, if not the center, of a sound publishing house. It must find new writers in the various fields of creative literature, for in a large measure the reputation, the prestige of the firm depends on them. It is often a thankless and a disappointing task for even the most astute editor. He may turn down an author's first book only to have it hit the best-seller lists in the hands of another publisher; the first may have a measure of success and a good press, and the second book may fail, and then there is a question of whether after an investment of a considerable sum of money the third book should be accepted. Discovering new writers is a gamble, though a publisher may parlay his bet by offering the reprint rights of a manuscript to a paperback publisher. But if he does so he is feeding the wolf that is howling at the door of his house.

A publisher inevitably assumes financial risks unknown to the producer of plays, who rarely uses his own money; he has had to be a stout-hearted gambler to endure the dangers which seemed to threaten him during the last thirty years. First it was the movies, then the radio, and worse still, television, for you cannot read a book with one eye and view a flickering screen with the other. He has now overcome his fear of them, only to tremble at the overwhelming proliferation of the paperbacks, selling from twenty-five cents to a dollar and a quarter. Two hundred sixty million copies of them were sold last year under 1,061 titles. During the last two years an extraordinary number of them were republications of fine books which had long been out of print because the original publishers knew that it would not profit them to bring them out at the price they would have to charge. It has turned out to be a goldmine for the paperback houses, for the sales of a great many of them exceeded the most optimistic predictions. Mentor Books' sale two years ago of more than a million copies each of translations of old Homer's "The Odyssey" and "The Iliad" woke the publishers to the fact that there was an enormous and hitherto untouched audience of innumerable Americans who would read, or at least buy, books of the highest caliber on almost every subject, from art, music, science, philosophy, history, criticism, to world politics, belles-lettres, collections of poetry, and other way stations on the route to the hitherto remote fairy-lands of culture.

Nevertheless, alarming as this may seem to the trade-book publisher, there are two major flaws in this fantastic outpouring of inexpensive books. It is estimated that in 1946 sixty million paperbacks were distributed and from 10 to 15 per cent were returned to the publishers. Last year more than three times as many paperbacks were printed by a larger number of companies and distributed to over a hundred thousand retailers where they have, as everyone knows, cluttered the newsstands and drugstores across the land. A very large percentage of them were only too obviously devoted to novels of suspense, murder, vice, mayhem, sex, and science fiction. But it is remarkable, for example, that Doubleday Anchor Books' reprint of Edmund Wilson's 500-page study in the writing and acting of history, "To the Finland Station," and hundreds of other books of the same caliber could be able to survive in this lush jungle. Knox Burger, an editor of Dell Publishing Co., in a recent symposium of publishers debating the problem of this industry said, "The turnback of paperbooks has risen to proportions that are disturbing . . . There are probably too many titles put out and too many companies in the business. Some time in the future there will be a shaking-down process and some people will get hurt." Actually no one knows the percentage of copies of paperbooks returned in 1953. It may be as dangerously high as 20 per cent.

THERE is another aspect of this invasion not often mentioned. At the present rate of consumption of reprints of trade publishers' books, the soft-cover publishers will have consumed in the next two years most of the books available to them. What will they do when they come to the end of the rich vein they have been exploring? They can, of course, wait for a year and reprint more of the same titles for distribution. But eventually that, too, will come to an end. It has not yet been proved that the soft-cover publishers can successfully bring out first editions, with the exception of the more lurid books often written for them by hitherto unknown writers. And, unfortunately, it is not proved that the public, which has recently purchased in large numbers paperbooks once assumed to be beyond their capacity to enjoy or comprehend, will continue to do so. How many of the two million copies of Homer, for example, were read from cover to cover? But this tremendous and unsuspected audience for cultural books may have emerged from the seven million living graduates of colleges and universities who were subjected to four years of higher education; or, who knows, from a host of truckdrivers, factory hands, and office workers who will take to literature and philosophy as a steady diet?—H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

INTERNATIONAL HAND SHAKE

MANY OF YOUR READERS WERE, I am sure, greatly impressed by Stanley Young's excellent guest editorial, "America's Bookless Santa Claus," which dealt with the urgent need for spreading democratic ideas to other peoples and other continents via a wider distribution of worthwhile books and periodicals in low-cost editions [*SR* Feb. 13]. . . .

There is, however, an equally urgent need to provide greater opportunities for the people of the Western nations to mingle and fraternize with each other; to learn at first hand and by personal contact the ways of life of other nationalities; to understand their ideals and their modes of living; and finally, to acquire an understanding of the traditions and background which motivate our own thoughts and actions. Only upon such a foundation can cultural, political, and economic cooperation between nations become a permanent reality. . . .

The way to achieve this goal could be through the creation of an international organization set up exclusively to provide opportunities for people visiting other countries to meet with persons of similar interests, professions, and hobbies. Simply by welcoming overseas visitors and, perhaps, by inviting them into their homes, the members of such an organization could do much to build international friendships, stimulate the voluntary exchange of ideas and experiences, and broaden the basis for mutual understanding and respect.

Such an organization would certainly win enthusiastic support from the approximately twenty million people traveling every year between the nations of Europe and the North and South American continents who are anxious to meet individual citizens of the nations they visit whose interests are similar to their own.

The Danes, in their characteristically friendly and practical manner, have shown the way with their "Meet the Danes" program. Confronted by the problem of caring for a hundred thousand vacationing G.I.s after the last war, the originators of this program asked Danish citizens interested in meeting the visiting Americans to register at a central agency in Copenhagen. The idea appealed to the Danes and their visitors alike and has grown far beyond the original plan for making American soldiers feel at home. . . .

From America might well come the initiative for establishing an international association of individuals dedicated to the sole purpose of providing its members with an opportunity of meeting like-minded individuals when visiting other countries. During and since the days of the Marshall Plan, thousands of Europeans from all walks of life have visited the United States under technical assistance programs and have experienced at first hand the hospitable and open-minded attitude of Americans. These and other thousands of U. S. and European scholarship students, exchange lecturers, trainees, and government officials in all countries of the Atlantic Community could readily provide the nucleus for several such associations here and abroad.

In these days when friendly and intelligent cooperation between nations is of the utmost importance, what better or more timely project could there be for any public-spirited individual, group, or foundation dedicated to the furtherance of international understanding and peace?

BIRGER NORDHOLM.

New York, N.Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Oh, your price for the land is most generous. But frankly, we were looking for a somewhat better class of customer."

PROSPECT BEFORE US

THE EDITORIAL "BOOK DUMPING" [*SR* March 6] is the most encouraging bit of book business news that I have seen in years.

I have been hoping against hope that somehow the problems of the Trade Book Industry would escape from *Publishers' Weekly* conventions into the public domain. Unless there is some violent awakening the industry as we know it is doomed. I have felt very lonely because no one seems to understand that it is the industry, not just the bookstores, that is in danger. When the bookstore goes, trade-book publishing goes too. . . .

JOHN A. REED.

Newton Centre, Mass.

PETITION WANTED

THE EDITORIAL ON BOOK DUMPING was happily received by me and, I am sure, by many reviewers across the country. Newspapers have even a worse time of it, for we have to keep in mind the news angle as well as the literary. When you start circulating petitions, let me sign!

WALT MCCASLIN.

Dayton, O.

PLAN IN FILES

CONGRATULATIONS on the masterful analysis on book dumping. Books are definitely a retail business. Realization of this one fact will move book selling forward many years. The American Book Publishers Council has a potent plan for accomplishing this in their file which I sent them several years ago. This may be a good time to review it in the interests of the industry as a whole.

JOSEPH BROSLAW.

New York, N.Y.

ALAS, NOT FRIENDS

THE SATURDAY REVIEW has always treated my brothers and me with the utmost courtesy, and we owe you deep gratitude. But may I be allowed to correct one misunderstanding that crept into your paragraph about my meeting with Miss Marilyn Monroe. I am quoted as saying that Mr. Stravinsky is one of my greatest friends.

I am one of his greatest admirers. I know him to be one of the only men of genius now working. But alas, I cannot claim to be one of his greatest friends, since I have only had the privilege of meeting him twice.

EDITH SITWELL.

New York, N.Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Shallow Are the Roots

WITHIN a period of eight days Broadway has had three plays concerned with the home life of those who work in the souped-up world of publishing and advertising. Is this a trend? Perhaps Madison Avenue with its expense accounts and hoopla is taking over. Unfortunately, however, for purposes of the stage the talk and actions of these people tend to be smaller, duller, and less dramatic than the high society now found only in British plays, revivals, and "Sabrina Fair."

The excuse is, of course, that writers must write about what they know best, and that too many of our modern playwrights in order to live near the theatre also find it necessary to join this new society which Louis Kronenberger in "Company Manners" calls "The New New-Rich."

The first of the trio is "The King of Hearts," discussed last week. The second is "Anniversary Waltz," a comedy by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov which deals with the difficulties of married love in an age when intrusions on privacy are no longer accidents but invited guests. It shows Mr. and Mrs. Walters, played as naturally as possible by MacDonald Carey and Kitty Carlisle, who after fifteen years of marriage are still passionately in love with each other. But they are battling tremendous odds. As Walters puts it, "Marriage and Love are ships that pass in the night —with the children firing at the lifeboats." At another point a four-time divorcée is told, "You've got the right idea about marriage. Get in, take a quick profit, and get out."

The old symbol of intrusion was inevitably the in-laws and the snooping servant. A more recent development was the children raised at a progressive school (one that "runs from October to May with two weeks off for Halloween"). But the latest and most appropriate instrument of interference is the TV set. Taking no chances, "Anniversary Waltz" brings in all three, and Bud Walters comes explosively but resignedly to terms with the lot.

However, the resignation outweighs the explosion and the comedy is for the most part a dreary business. Except for a hilarious bit in which husband and wife sneak off to the Fernando Arms with their fourteen-year-old son's ice skates in a valise as ballast for a suspicious bellhop, and a little ribbing of TV commercials, the jokes and the story have a singular lack of excitement or originality. While this fault is partly in the writing, it may have its roots in the people it is so naturalistically writing about.

THE other play, Julian Funt's "The Magic and the Loss," would seem to bear out this hypothesis. Here the same class of people, only with a dash of culture and idealism added, are mirrored in a problem play. A beautiful woman whose pursuit of self-expression has led her into the real competitive world of the New York ad-creating business is divorced from an equally idealistic husband who has abandoned the rat race to teach English at a small Pacific Coast College. Their fourteen-year-old son, who collects folk songs, suffers an insecurity from the absence of his father. During the course of the drama the mother and the boy lose a few illusions about themselves and are brought closer together by a truer understanding of their own dependencies.

As a play, "The Magic and the Loss" must be respected for its honest drawing of characters and its facing of the facts. Uta Hagen as the ex-wife, Lee Bowman as her cautious suitor, and Charles Taylor as the young son all give sincere performances. Robert Preston as the husband has a leading-man facility that gets in between him and the character. However, Edith Meiser is telling in a brief appearance as a washed-up advertising executive. "I've pushed too hard. I make too many jokes," she says, giving a concise portrait of a woman who has lost her illusions too late.

Yet despite the good intentions of the play, its color and impact are weak. Perhaps our new society itself lacks strong personality, tradition, and manners. But writing interesting plays about such a group is difficult, particularly if done by those who have elected to continue as part of it without really respecting it.

—HENRY HEWES.

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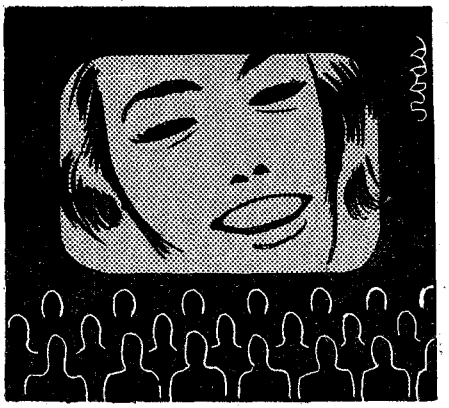
SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

A Long Wait Between Trains

WHEN "Terminal Station" was first announced, well over a year ago, its alignment of both production and literary forces generated more than ordinary interest. The script, based on a story by Cesare Zavattini (who wrote "Bicycle Thief"), had been adapted by Alberto Moravia. At one time or another Carson McCullers, Paul Jarrico, and Truman Capote were all drafted to contribute to the dialogue. Perhaps the most arresting feature, however, was its odd combination of producer David Selznick and director Vittorio De Sica. It was easy enough to see what had brought the two men together. For Selznick, "Terminal Station" afforded an opportunity to combine top stars, Jennifer Jones and Montgomery Clift, with a top director in a novel and highly photogenic setting—Rome's new, de-luxe depot. For De Sica, undoubtedly, it was the station itself that proved so intriguing—the steam and clangor of trains pulling into the platforms, the flurried arrivals and departures, and through it all two lovers' desperate search for seclusion.

What happened between the announcement of "Terminal Station" and the completion of **"Indiscretion of an American Wife"** (Columbia) is also pretty clear. The setting proved merely a point of departure for two radically different concepts of film making. De Sica's neo-realism, which has produced such works as "Bicycle Thief" and "Shoe Shine," quickly degenerated into a series of vivid background vignettes of scurrying priests trailing columns of schoolboys, of marching guards and harried commuters, of a pregnant woman in the third-class waiting-room and a bullying waiter in the first-class restaurant. The background serves less as a dramatic force in the film than as shifting, colorful, kaleidoscopic "atmosphere." Selznick, on the other hand, mustered his high-priced stars and writers to create a slick story of frustrated love, a "Grand Hotel" without bedrooms. Somewhere along the line it must have become apparent to both gentlemen that they weren't getting what they wanted. More writers were called in. Selznick himself, it is said, took a hand in the scenario. Oddly enough, although the finished picture emerges as more Selznick than De Sica, it is De Sica who receives both the direction and production credits. And Truman Capote, who claims that he wrote only two scenes, is finally credited with the flowery, uninspired dialogue. Selznick's name appears nowhere.



Certainly "Indiscretion" seems neither slick enough nor strong enough to have warranted all this effort. The giants labored and brought forth a muzzy little affair about an attractive American housewife (Miss Jones, beautifully gowned by Christian Dior) who feels that it's time she returned to Philadelphia and family when she finds herself falling in love with a young Italo-American professor. The teacher, played with a slightly glazed expression by Montgomery Clift, discovers her just as she is about to board the 7 o'clock *rapido* and persuades her to remain the hour and a half until the next train. Together they haunt the various corners of the vast station, mooning, quarreling, losing each other, and coming together again. When all these moods have just about been exhausted, they steal a moment of solitude in an empty sleeping car standing off on a spur. The moment is uncensorably brief. There is a knock at the door. Clift hastily straightens his tie. Miss Jones arranges her hat. And the Italian officials, apparently shocked beyond words, haul them before police commissioner Gino Cervi. His decision on this grave indiscretion, however, could scarcely matter less. By arbitrarily limiting the action to the station, the characters have been deprived of all dimension. We can't feel deeply for people we scarcely know, and well before the film is over Clift and Miss Jones have become simply a singularly ill-matched and uninteresting couple. That 8:30 express seems a long time coming.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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TV AND RADIO

Murrow, McCarthy and the Empty Formula

WITH THE exception of John Cogley, who wrote a brilliant analysis in *The Commonweal* of the first Murrow broadcast on McCarthy, the critics of broadcasting have been so impressed by Murrow's courage and so sympathetic to his views that they haven't troubled to discuss the thorny problems in the field of communications which the broadcast brought into focus. This is a pity, because in the long run it is more important to use our communications systems properly than to destroy McCarthy, and every new development in the handling of controversy in television, particularly, needs to be examined to make sure that the enthusiasm of a crusading liberal hasn't placed new weapons in the hands of demagogues. There are no ground rules yet, no standards of conduct in the newest and most powerful of the mass media; we have to watch it vigilantly.

Mr. Murrow himself does not believe that with his broadcast of March 9 "television came of age." He thinks it was technically faulty, because he had to inject himself into the picture to underline the points, whereas in the broadcast of March 16, when "See It Now" told the story of McCarthy and Anna Lee Moss, the camera and the people in front of the camera told virtually everything that needed to be told. Mr. Murrow, further, does not believe that criticism of his methods must be hushed up lest it give aid and comfort to the enemy. He does, however, believe—he did at least believe ten days before McCarthy's reply on April 6—that the formula of giving equal or equivalent time for reply is a useful and valid one.

In a sense this formula of equal time is the only ground rule we have, and we are stuck with it until a better one is worked out. Unfortunately, it doesn't make sense, except mathematically, and Senator McCarthy's answer to Murrow was a brilliant demonstration of the fallacy involved. In the days of radio, when the formula was created, equal time meant time to make a speech in answer to a speech. To be sure, one speaker might have a better voice or a better ghostwriter than another, but there was a rough equality. In television it is possible to imagine a propagandist hiring a great dramatist to write a play in favor of (or against) public ownership of all electrical power, producing this play with great players, and then offering his opponents equal time for reply—time which for lack of talent or money they might be able to fill only with a series of dull speeches. In the case of Murrow and McCarthy, we had on the original broadcast the product of some three years of experience in the handling of film clips, an art in which Murrow and his coworker Fred Friendly have no peers. Since (Mr. Murrow has told me) they looked at 15,000 feet of film beyond the amount they showed, I would guess they had spent many weeks and some $15,000 on their program (counting salaries and incidentals). In reply Senator McCarthy came up with a feebly handled newsreel talk illustrated by two or three unanimated maps—about as weak a television program as you could devise. I am not impressed by the reiterated statement in the press that no one knows who will pay the $6,000 this reply cost; I am impressed by the possibility that someone might be attacked who couldn't even borrow enough to make a film.

There was another, even more significant, way in which the reply could not meet the original attack. Ever since "See It Now" has been on the air it has been identified with integrity, with fairness, with a sense of responsibility and justice. The vast prestige of the entire program is the background against which any single week's broadcast is delivered. Any one half-hour is solid and powerful, because it is only the latest of a series; it has continuity, it has lived, and its audience has lived with it. The half-hour handed over for rebuttal is merely an interruption; it cannot take advantage of the overtones of the program itself.

BECAUSE a broadcaster cannot supply equal skill and equal prestige to an adversary, the offer of equal time isn't good enough. Moreover, it involves positive dangers. The one we are all aware of is that a speaker may slander ten individuals in a single sentence and each of the ten will demand—and actually need—half an hour to prove his innocence. Consequently, the broadcasters will try to eliminate names and to play down violent controversy, with the result that we will have intimidated speakers battling against anonymous enemies. That is not the way to freedom of expression on the air.

The second danger is that the offer of equal time will be considered as absolving the attacker from all obligations, so that fair play within a broadcast will not be necessary, since another broadcast may redress whatever imbalances the first creates. We know the force of the first blow: the accusation with which the defense never catches up, the lingering suspicion that smoke must conceal fire. In television we have the added factor of impression: a particular series of pictures may establish an image in our minds which no other pictures can eradicate.

I have been as unspecific as possible so far because the rights and the decencies of controversy by television will have to be worked out in principle, not in relation to Murrow, McCarthy, or any other individuals. The problems were, however, brought into focus by Murrow and McCarthy, and while Murrow's transgressions were trivial in comparison with those he exposed, they should be noted.

The program was announced as "a report on . . . McCarthy" and, introducing the Senator's reply a month later, Murrow again referred to his "report" of April 6. I doubt whether any good newspaperman would call it simply a report; in the meaning of the word as used for two years on "See It Now" it was *not* a report. It was an attack, followed by an editorial appeal for action.

I believe Mr. Murrow implicitly, and therefore cannot say that the film clips showing Senator McCarthy as a giggling psychopath are untypical; but I do think that they needed to be balanced by some clips showing him at his best. I have just returned from Milwaukee, where his dearest enemies assured me that McCarthy is persuasive, dangerously agreeable, and—as they put it—"a great demagogue." Richard H. Rovere, in a recent study in *The New Yorker*, called him "a political figure of the first rank . . . quite possibly an authentic genius." It was not good politics, from my point of view, to present this menacing figure as an incompetent fool; but apart from this, which is prejudice, I feel that the use of such shots should be reserved for campaign time, when, by our tradition, anything goes. If they occur in a "report" they should be balanced. Presented conspicuously as they were, they became the equivalent of the partial truth and the innuendo. (The people who roared with delight over them should ask themselves quickly how they would have felt if the same technique had been

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applied to someone they liked—for example, to the Stevenson whom McCarthy so coyly called "Alger—I mean Adlai.")

In one other respect Murrow made an error and McCarthy leaped upon it. The Senator said that the (American) Civil Liberties Union had been "listed as a front for . . . the Communist Party." Murrow cited this as an example of McCarthy's techniques, and added: "The Attorney General's list does not and has never listed the ACLU as subversive, nor does the FBI nor any other Government agency." All McCarthy had to do—and did do—was to point out that the ACLU had been *listed*; wrongly or obscurely or maliciously, it *had* been listed, which is exactly what he said. In print the next day Murrow made the right point: when people hear the word "listed" they think of specific lists, and McCarthy wants them to do so; that is the essence of his technique in this instance, and by failing to make this clear Murrow gave McCarthy the chance to imply a lack of candor.*

The editorial Mr. Murrow delivered at the end of his program was eloquent. So, I suppose, was the oration delivered by Senator McCarthy on April 6. I did not respond well to the Senator. He took half an hour to make a few accusations against Murrow, to give a rambling history of Communism and the Russian Revolution, and to surprise us with the implication (refuted soon after by President Eisenhower and other responsible officials) that the United States did not proceed promptly to make the H-bomb because there were Communists in high places. The techniques were stale; the handling of the medium incredibly dull. I got the impression that the giant Murrow had been fighting a pigmy. Intellectually this may be right; politically I remain as frightened as if I had seen a ghost—the ghost of Hitler, to be specific.

—Gilbert Seldes.

* [Editor's Footnote: *It seems to us that Mr. Seldes may be missing the main point here. The context of Senator McCarthy's original statement about the ACLU made it appear that he was referring to the U.S. Attorney General's subversive list. He neglected to specify at the time that the list was that of the so-called California Tenney Committee, and that ex-Senator Tenney has since been repudiated by the California Republican Committee. We have the greatest respect for our* Radio and TV *columnist, who is entitled to his opinions, but it is only fair to say that this particular column has caused considerable discussion and debate among the staff.*]

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Rameau's "Hippolyte," Strauss's "Capriccio"

RAMEAU's "Hippolyte et Aricie" is without question an operatic score of notably fine qualities which should have been known here long before Margaret Hillis directed the Concert Choir and various soloists in its first American performance in Town Hall a mere 221 years after it was written. Without question, too, the listeners who virtually filled the hall on a humid evening know something more about the nature of Rameau's genius than they did before.

The further question, however, is how much more? When Miss Hillis launched into a vigorously rhythmic, sharply accentuated playing of the instrumental prelude, it seemed that almost anything might follow. It did, though not in quite the sense intimated. Instrumentalists can be trained to follow an intellectual design, and so—with hard work—can a vocal ensemble. Miss Hillis's Concert Choir is an uncommonly adept one with enough quality in the individual voices to make a musical sound under almost any circumstances.

However, the solo singers pose another kind of problem, and what they did could hardly be construed as justice to Rameau. Everybody's French had a different sound, and the march of emphasis in Rameau's setting of the text was decidedly ragged. It is proper to honor Miss Hillis for her enterprise in giving this "first" performance, but perhaps some others who were tempted held back for sound reasons of judgment. Suzanne der Derian sang well in the small part of L'Amour, as did John McCollum in the larger part of Hippolyte. However, Mariquita Moll was well over her artistic head as Phèdre, and Helen George's pretty voice was hard put to meet the requirements of Aricie.

Richard Strauss's "Capriccio," which had its first American performances in the theatre of the Juilliard Graduate School lately, is a work of unusual texture and tonal problems from first to last. It begins with the orchestral strings musing in chamber style on a musical idea. After a while the other orchestral instruments enter, and the curtain rises as the music goes on orchestrally.

There then ensues nearly two hours of philosophical discussion regarding which is more important in a stage work—"tone" or "word." The text, which is written by the German conductor and Strauss interpreter Clemens Krauss, is verbose, unliterate, and full of philosophical abstractions. The "characters" include a Composer, Poet, and Painter, each of whom acts as a mouthpiece for the ideas embodied in his phase of the creative act. There is also a prima donna.

As a moderator in this situation, Krauss provides a Countess who is admired by both the Composer and the Poet, but cannot decide to which she is partial. Could it be that Strauss-Krauss imagined her as the Muse to whom both pay court, but whose existence, in reality, cannot be guaranteed by dependence on one or the other alone? The question is left unresolved at the end, and it is this eloquent episode of self-examination at the end of the two-hour work which stands as its musical high-water mark and of which Strauss himself properly wondered (in 1941) if it were not "the best ending for [his] dramatic lifework."

I offer this exposition at some length to indicate the kind of problem the Juilliard Opera Theatre took on, and the natures of the musical burdens borne by the not-quite-professional-grade talent involved. I first saw "Capriccio" in Vienna in 1951, when the involutions of the German text seemed a heavy count against it. Heard now in a reasonably suitable English text by Maria Massey, it was still far from a sparkling experience. On this occasion, however, the individual elements—though highly creditable to the intelligence and talent of Frederic Waldman, conductor, Frederic Cohen, stage director, and the designing skill of Frederick Kiesler, as well as the singing of the student performers—hardly were woven into the kind of closely joined texture which is the special distinction of Strauss's score.

On the other hand, an enterprise of particular suitability to all the elements involved is the addition to the City Center Opera repertory of Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II's adaptation of Edna Ferber's indestructible "Show Boat." Something has been made of the fact that the City Center people are the first "opera company" to add "Show Boat" to its repertory, but it might be more justly said that "Show Boat" finds the City Center people working at much more congenial material than,

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say, Strauss's "Salome." In any case, this was singing (from Robert Rounseville and Laurel Hurley in the leading roles, particularly) such as makes the superb score, in the words of another Kern-Hammerstein success, "More and More" listenable.

The production is on the economical side, with emphasis on drops and scrims rather than set pieces, but I doubt that many will look this thoroughbred in the mouth therefor. "Show Boat" is as great a work in its way as "Fledermaus" is in its. The comedy and character parts are reliably done by such experienced personnel as Stanley Carlson, (Captain Andy), Marjorie Gateson (Parthy Ann), and Sarah Floyd (Mrs. O'Brien). Helena Bliss is singing "Bill" and Bill Smith "Old Man River." William Hammerstein upholds the family with his apt stage direction.

THIS being the air age, it is hardly surprising that an orchestra from Bamberg, Germany (a modest municipality some forty or so miles as the Bavarian crow flies from Bayreuth), comes to Carnegie Hall as readily as the one from Pittsburgh, Pa. The interest, actually, in the visit of the Bambergers had mostly to do with Joseph Keilberth, who conducted a program of Gluck ("Iphigenia" Overture), Mozart ("Prague" Symphony), and Beethoven ("Eroica").

Keilberth is a more than reputable conductor, as numerous recordings attest. However, his mind seemed hardly on this program, at least so far as a ponderously uninteresting playing of the Gluck and an equally unenergetic one of Mozart attested. This is an orchestra distinguished more for competence than bravura, but, in a paraphrase of Churchill, it may be said that rarely have so many come so far to do so little.

The Pittsburgh visit brought with it the debut of Elsa Cavelti as mezzo soloist in Mahler's "Lied von der Erde" and the first local hearing of David Lloyd in the tenor part of the same work. Miss Cavelti is certainly an intelligent artist with a simple, unaffected stage presence and a self-effacing way of doing her work, but her voice has neither the range nor the richness for this music. Lloyd, on the other hand, gets about very easily. but one was never quite sure that he knew the meaning of what he was singing. Steinberg's direction was obviously based on a close knowledge of the score and its problems, but it struck me that he was depending for his effects on an automatic response which was never forthcoming. Eternal vigilance is the price not only of liberty but also of symphonic response.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

"Performance of a Handel oratorio," by William Hogarth.

The Piccadilly German

"Handel: A Symposium," edited by Gerald Abraham *(Oxford University Press. 328 pp. $6), offers the views of eight critics on a composer whose entire lifework deserves to be better known to music lovers. Here it is reviewed by Herbert Weinstock, author of a recent Handel biography.*

By Herbert Weinstock

"OF all the master musicians of the very first rank, none, not even Haydn, is now so proportionately unknown to the general musical public as Handel is." Thus Gerald Abraham, in his brief preface to the latest of the symposia he has been editing (the others thus far have dealt with Grieg, Schubert, Schumann, Sibelius, and Tchaikovsky). At an hour when LP records pour forth in floods, and when most very large cities and many university towns have broadcasting stations devoted to music, it is unusually hard to decide what the "general musical public" may be. Today's audience for music certainly contains hundreds of thousands of listeners who seldom or never enter concert halls and opera houses. Even so, it is still fair to lament that only students, avid record-collectors, and some adventurous choral societies really know Handel as other than the composer of "Messiah," the "Water Musick," the "Largo" from "Serse," and the so-called "Harmonious Blacksmith." Gerald Abraham's symposium supplies stimulating accuracies and reasoned weighing of the huge repertoire of other music, now mostly unheard, which truly reveals Handel as a master musician of the very first rank.

The present book begins with a short chapter on "Handel the Man," by Percy M. Young. This is an impressionistic sketch rather than a condensed biography. It is followed

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by the richest chapter, that on "The Operas," by Edward J. Dent. Taking his reader on an enchanting jaunt through the little-known land of opera which stretches from "Nero" (1705) to "Deidamia" (1741), Mr. Dent sums up in sound advice: "If any director of opera thinks seriously of reviving a Handel opera today, he must start from the drama and begin by choosing the one which he thinks has the best story and plot, the clearest and most dramatic libretto. . . ." (That Mr. Dent then advises the adventurous director to "make sure of a translation which will do it justice" shows that a man who has a hobby will ride it.)

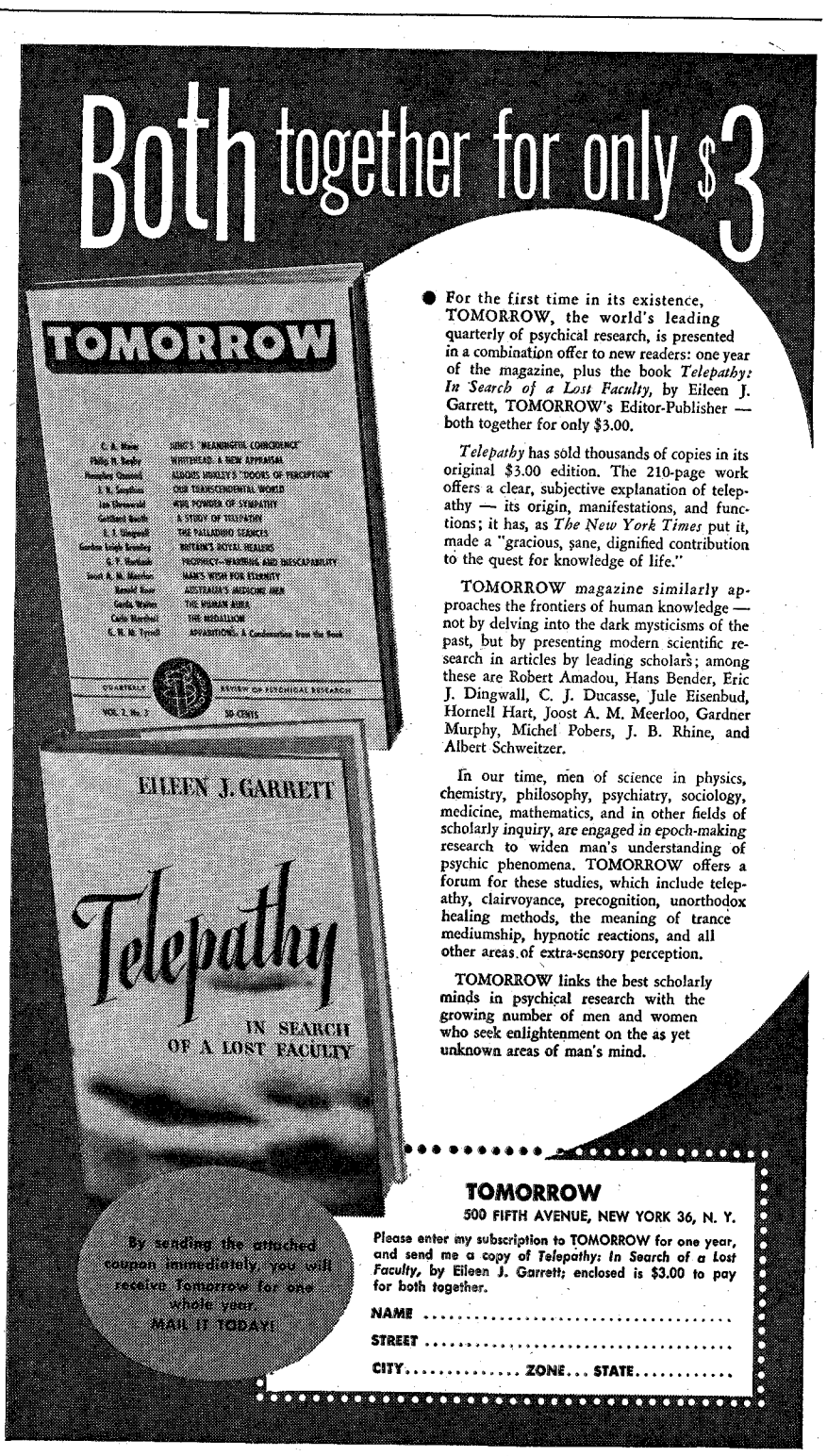
JULIAN Herbage's chapter on "The Oratorios" justly claims the greatest length. If his glowing descriptions of the best of Handel's oratorios other than the overworked "Messiah" persuade performers to examine the wealth of beautiful music they contain, the book will have been well received. In a shorter chapter, Mr. Herbage deals with "The Secular Oratorios and Cantatas"—such smaller masterworks as "Acis and Galatea" and "Alexander's Feast." It is sad that he could not resist saying of "Messiah" that it is "perhaps the most remarkable work ever created by human mind," thus proving that somewhere in limbo the spirit of Samuel Butler still is smiling.

The other chapters include "The Church Music" and "The Orchestral Music," by Basil Lam, "The Songs and Chamber Cantatas," by Anthony Lewis, "The Keyboard Music," by Kathleen Dale, and "The Chamber Music," by John Horton. More intrinsically interesting is Mr. Abraham's final chapter, his own brilliant discussion of "Some Points of Style." In thirteen pages he defines Handel's idioms with more illumination than is generated by his contributors except Messrs. Dent and Herbage. His concluding paragraph reads in part: "Of all the great masters, [Handel] is the one at present in most danger of petrifaction into a monument: partly, of course, because of the monumental quality that is such an obvious but splendid feature of much of his work, of many nobly polished, serene arias as well as of massive double choruses and the like. But the unconventionality of melody, harmony, rhythm, and scoring that leap out at every period of Handel's career reveals the constant liveliness of his mind. It is really our reverence for Handel that is in danger of petrifaction, not Handel's art." To be able to make that much sound sense in so few words requires only that the writer be as familiar with all the music as Mr. Abraham is.

It would seem that an era imaginative enough to launch a vital revival of Berlioz must do itself the same sort of service by rediscovering Handel. The materials for that revival are all accurately described in William C. Smith's "Catalogue of Works," and the book is handsomely rounded off with a chronology, a bibliography, and an index. May this book fall into the right hands, those capable of casting a deciding vote for a Handel renascence!

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Tom Lea. 2. David Garnett. 3. R. C. Hutchinson. 4. L. F. Cooper. 5. Edna St. Vincent Millay. 6. Floyd Dell. 7. G. B. Stern. 8. Jack London. 9. Diana Forbes Robertson. 10. Mark Twain. 11. Agatha Christie. 12. Francis Thompson. 13. John Masefield, also J. W. von Goethe. 14. Mary Jane Ward. 15. Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. 16. Ouida. 17. Ernest Seton Thompson. 18. John Steinbeck. 19. Christina Stead. 20. Percy Wyndham Lewis.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Romantic Strong Man

"New Letters of Berlioz, 1830-1868, *(translation, notes, and introduction by Jacques Barzun. Columbia University Press. 322 pp. $4.50), illuminates the life and work of a composer currently very much in vogue in this country. Below it is reviewed by Robert Lawrence, conductor and musical commentator.*

By Robert Lawrence

THE historical position of most composers is fixed a few years after their death. Mozart, underrated while he lived, was soon a leading spirit; posthumous fame came swiftly to Schubert; Beethoven held the center of the musical stage even before his passing.

Hector Berlioz, however, had to wait unusually long for the acceptance —no less approval—of posterity. In life he aroused extremes of admiration and hostility. His native France remained aloof; Germany and Russia acclaimed him. Only after his death in 1869 did a public for his works form gradually in Paris, but international recognition still was slow. Performances of his scores reached a certain peak in New York (including concert versions of both parts of "The Trojans") toward the end of the last century and then declined. Admiration in London was sporadic. Musical reference books kept unrevised for years the old comments about Berlioz's worth as an orchestrator in contrast to his inferiority as a composer.

The turnabout began in the 1920's, when a Berlioz crusade arose in Great Britain and traveled, a decade later, to the United States. Like all causes dedicated to the righting of an injustice, this one sometimes went overboard in praise of its master, but did succeed in winning fresh hearings for Berlioz from a new and enlightened public. Audience reaction proved favorable, and then lasting. The composer's position was finally established.

JACQUES BARZUN, leader of the American phase from the start, ranks high among Berlioz experts. "New Letters of Berlioz, 1830-1868," Professor Barzun's new edition of letters by the composer hitherto inaccessible —designed to supplement certain printed collections—is a by-product of research on his exhaustive biography, "Berlioz and the Romantic Century," published in 1950.

Berlioz, in his correspondence, was not the wild-eyed Romantic made familiar through the pages of his own "Memoirs." His traits as a letter writer were sobriety, occasional wit, and a shaft of melancholy. The rhapsodic quality of the program notes to the "Symphonie Fantastique" or the pixie prose of "Evenings in the Orchestra," are nowhere present in these private cuttings. Berlioz emerges as a mind well rounded and austere, clear with himself as with others.

A certain relationship is suggested, here and there, to the forthrightness of the Verdi letters, but without the exuberance of the great Italian. Those of the French master—conditioned by reverses unknown to Verdi except in his earliest years—are cooler in tint and more reserved. No detail is too small for Berlioz's attention, especially when he specifies the number of musicians to be engaged for a given concert, the cost of lighting the hall, and kindred minutiae (with all of which drudgery he had to contend personally). As a result, those who are seeking the colorful and dramatic will not find them in this volume; but readers in search of Berlioz the man as distinguished from the stormy legend will be rewarded.

The documents are rendered in their original French and, on parallel pages, given a splendid English translation by Mr. Barzun that sets new standards for literacy and grace. The editor has also provided penetrating introductory material as well as historical links between certain of the more fragmentary letters. This collection is a project of Columbia University's Bicentennial Editions and Studies.

—Bettmann Archive.

Berlioz—"well rounded and austere."

Notes

VARIATIONS BY SCHUBERT: Maurice J. E. Brown's **"Schubert's Variations"** (St. Martin's Press, $3), a little book on a specific part of the composer's work, may perhaps disappoint those who expect new startling revelations either about his creative domain or about the variation form in general. Yet, though unpretentious, it is a sincere and charming description of Schubert's some twenty compositions in this genre.

The book tabulates a good deal of historical detail, either of general or at least documentary interest, and recalls shades of that magical world of old Vienna in which Schubert, his friends, and his patrons moved. Happily also, the author is not lured into glorifying everything his hero jotted down; his judgment remains remarkably objective. He has every admiration for Schubert's greatness and the beauty of his unfathomable melisma; yet he does not hesitate to speak out bluntly when Schubert seems to have lacked inspiration or, worse, was not faithful to his genius, indulging in shallow passages to please some virtuoso, as for instance in the variations for flute and piano on his own beautiful song "Trock'ne Blumen."

As for Mr. Brown's analysis of the music, it is to the point. The different phases of Schubert's variation technique are well described. If there is anything to be desired it is only that the investigation might have been expanded into a fundamental yet little-explored question of musical structure: When does variation cease to be variation and become thematic development? Where is the borderline? Some of Schubert's variations, if only a few, could have formed a fitting point of departure for that enticing inquiry. However, instead of blaming the author for what he did not consider his subject, one should rather acknowledge the various interesting features he did include in his delightful little study, the competence and reliability of which are also vouched for by the cooperation of Gerald Abraham and Otto Erich Deutsch.

—Rudolph Reti.

CHOPIN FOR ENGLISH EARS: "The aim of this study," writes Jan Holcman in **"The Legacy of Chopin"** (Philosophical Library, $2.50), "is to bring together, in one volume, Chopin's views on all phases of music: pianism, composing, teaching, piano, transcriptions, criticism, musical progress, etc. By presenting this material in the English language, supplementing it with some comparative historical data, and a few reflections of my own, I hope to have

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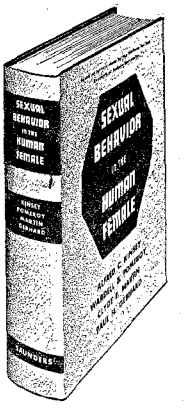
been of service to English-speaking admirers of the great Polish composer-pianist." And we may agree that if he had done so he would have been. But he hasn't.

What Mr. Holcman has done is to use Chopin's alleged dicta as pretexts for airing a vast number of his own views on all these subjects, views that may be divided into three classes: the platitudinous, the cryptic, and the questionable. (One says "alleged dicta" because Mr. Holcman's main source is the correspondence with Delphine Potocka, the authenticity of which is hotly disputed.) To take only one example: the chapter on "transcriptions" does not contain a single dictum of Chopin's on the subject. Its sole connection with Chopin is the composer's refusal—reported only in those doubtful letters—to "allow" Liszt to write variations on the themes of some of the Études, a matter which has nothing whatever to do with the esthetics or artistic ethics of transcription.

There is a pretense of documentation, but not a single *precise* reference is given and sometimes no reference at all when one is most eager to have it. Thus: "In executing trills, Chopin always told his students to begin with the upper auxiliary note." That is most important if it is true; but who is the witness?

Even Mr. Holcman's claim that the material is presented "in the English language" is sometimes open to challenge. —GERALD ABRAHAM.

MUSIC AND PROTESTANTISM: It is indeed a broad subject that takes in both Ira D. Sankey and J. S. Bach! Music has been associated with Protestantism from the very beginning, for Luther himself realized its importance and reputedly practised composition. Not unnaturally, he took over what had gone before, with traditions ready made. In England the transition was equally smooth. Dr. Robert M. Stevenson, of the University of California, has placed us in his debt by bringing together, in **"Patterns of Protestant Church Music"** (Duke University Press, $4), the salient facts and by filling out our information on the lesser-known periods. Those of us who have come to take for granted concert and recorded presentations of Handel and Bach may have to adjust ourselves to his remarks about present unsuitability of their works for performance—in church. And for us the male soprano problem has not kept the Handel works from a hearing. These and other minor points one might argue with the author. He has told his story briefly, but with ample documentation in footnotes and bibliography. —PHILIP L. MILLER.



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Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in early numbers.

AN ALCOHOLIC TO HIS SONS. Anonymous, as told to Henry Beetle Hough. Simon & Schuster. $3.50. An account, as it has been told to the present editor of the *Vineyard Gazette*, of the fall and rise through A.A. of an alcoholic.

ANCILLA TO CLASSICAL READING. By Moses Hadas. Columbia University Press. $4.75. A handbook to the writings of the ancients, by the professor of Latin and Greek at Columbia.

THE BAD SEED. By William March. Rinehart & Co. $3. A helping of horror in the nursery. Mrs. Penmark discovers, one moon-clear night, while her husband is away on business, that their eight-year-old daughter is a murderess. She looks in the archives, and discovers that she herself was adopted, and that her mother was a confirmed homicidal maniac.

THE CASE FOR LIBERAL RELIGION. By Waldemar Argow. Antioch Press. $2.50. A defense of liberalized religion and its place in the world today.

CHARLES A. BEARD: An Appraisal. Edited by Howard K. Beale. University of Kentucky Press. $4.50. A scrutiny of the American historian by twelve hands, including Eric F. Goldman, Harold J. Laski, Max Lerner, Luther Gulick, George Soule, Richard Hofstadter, Merle Curti, and George S. Counts.

THE CLIFF'S EDGE. By Marie Hackett. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. An account of her husband's mental illness (Hackett wrote a book about it himself in 1952 called "The Cardboard Giants"), and of the tribulations she endured while he was recuperating.

CLOWN OF THE GODS. By Agatha Young. Random House. $3.50. Red shoes and red sunsets among Continental ballet dancers shortly after the First World War. The novel revolves around an English-Italian dancer named Giovanni Cenci.

CONFEDERATE AGENT: A Secret History. By James D. Horan. Crown Publishers. $5. An account, based primarily on original sources, of a little-known attempted conspiracy within the North, which a Confederate captain, Thomas H. Hines, nearly succeeded in pulling off during the Civil War.

THE CONQUERED PLACE. By Robert Shafer. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75. A first novel about what it will be like in the eastern states of these United States six years after Occupation by the Enemy.

A DAY OF IMPATIENCE. By Raffaele LaCapria. Translated by William Fense Weaver. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. Novel making has become one of the biggest industries in Italy. This latest product concerns the love affair of a nameless narrator with an older (she is twenty-two) woman, who has—shall we say—been around.

THE DOLLMASTER. By Rosamond Marshall. Prentice-Hall. $2.95. Gina Lollobrigida and the Italian Renaissance.

DON'T YOU CRY FOR ME. By Mary Freels Rosborough. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3. A tasty glass of Florida grapefruit juice about a war veteran who is trying to make enough money, through underwater lumber salvaging, to buy a farm, and marry his true love.

DRAGON WITCH. By Will H. Hays, Jr. Doubleday & Co. $4.95. A noble, Sironia-sized novel about a multifaceted girl, whom everybody loves and everybody wants, and the small Indiana town from which she comes.

FATHER COULDN'T JUGGLE. By Elizabeth Lambert. Coward-McCann. $3. A briskish memoir about childhood and maturation in Jamaica, in which hurricanes, prowlers, and first love foot it together, and the author's father is a powerful, if unsuccessful, salvager of lost ships.

THE FLAW IN THE CRYSTAL. By Godfrey Smith. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. A cat-and-mouser about a civil servant assigned to investigate the background of a man being considered for an important intelligence post. The civil servant clears him, finds out that he himself has been investigated, and that, anyway, the whole thing has been a ruse, since another man has already been chosen for the spy job.

FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. By Martin Jarrett-Kerr. Yale University Press. $2.50. A study of the work of the French Catholic novelist.

THE FREMANTLE DIARY. Edited by Walter Lord. Little, Brown & Co. $4. A diary which an English colonel kept while traveling through the South during the Civil War.

THE HEART OF AFRICA. By Alexander Campbell. Alfred A. Knopf. $5. A transplanted Scotch reporter's notes on the sixteen years since 1937 he has spent roving through South Africa as a newspaperman and a *Times-Life* correspondent.

HORSES ARE FOR WARRIORS. By William E. Sanderson. The Caxton Printers. $3.50. A reconstruction of the early days of the Nez Perce Indians of Oregon, and of how they got their first horses.

LEON BLOY. By Rayner Heppenstall. Yale University Press. $2.50. A study of the nineteenth-century French Catholic writer.

LIGHTS ACROSS THE DELAWARE. By David Taylor. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75. Deep snows and blue-cheeked winds backdrop this tale of the taking of Trent's Town in 1776 by the Rebel forces. Also involved is a high-spirited wench and her love for a worthy Quaker named Wheeler Smith.

LINCOLN'S NEW SALEM. By Benjamin P. Thomas. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50. A monograph of New Salem, where Lincoln lived for six years, which was first published by the Abraham Lincoln Association in 1934, and has now been revised and brought up to date, by the author of the recent one-volume biography of Lincoln.

MAN AND GOD IN THE CITY. By Kenneth D. Miller. Friendship Press. Clothbound, $2. Paperbound, $1.25. A look at what our churches are and are not doing within our urban centers.

MANZONI. By Bernard Wall. Yale University Press. $2.50. A short study of the Italian novelist, poet, and playwright, who is chiefly known for his novel "The Betrothed."

MESSIAH. By Gore Vidal. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50. A new novel by Mr. Vidal, who is growing older, about a West Coast religious fanatic and a couple of his disciples, who manage, through mass media, to bathe the country with their doctrine—that it is good to die.

THE MILWAUKEE BRAVES. By Harold Kaese and R. G. Lynch. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. An informal history of the transplanted baseball club—the Boston Braves, who got started as the Boston Red Stockings in 1871—which is threatening to make Milwaukee famous.

MINE THE HARVEST. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper & Bros. $3. A collection of some of the poems Miss Millay was working on at the time of her death, plus a few earlier and unpublished ones. There are sixty-seven in all.

NEW WORLD WRITING. Edited by Arabel J. Porter. New American Library. Paperbound, 50¢. The fifth number of this pocket-sized anthology of new writing includes criticism, poetry, fiction, drama, and art work by such as Horace Gregory, Ralph Ellison, John Malcom Brinnin, Maurice Meldon, Dylan Thomas, Tom Keogh, Richard Wilbur, Kenneth Rexroth, and Malcom Cowley.

OF WHALES AND MEN. By R. B. Robertson. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50. A buoyant, smelly, witty, new-eyed view of the modern whaling industry as it operates in the southern oceans, by a practising English doctor who went along for a vacation and because he was curious.

PATTERN OF THE TIGER. By Stanwell Fletcher. Little, Brown & Co. $5. A political travelogue, by a naturalist, based on a recent journey made through Northern India and Pakistan, with special attention given our attitudes toward those regions, and their attitudes toward us.

POPE JOAN. By Emmanuel Royidis. Translated by Lawrence Durrell. British Book Centre. $2.75. A translation of a life of Pope John VIII, who ruled for two years in the ninth century, and who was, it turned out, an Englishwoman. The original work was written in Greek in 1886.

QUIET UNDER THE SUN. By Kevin FitzGerald. Little, Brown & Co. $3. A highly inflammable production about a British statesman, one Sir Henry Mallinson, who is kidnapped and pocketed away in Spain, and of his eventual rescue by a bulldog investigator.

A RAKE AND HIS TIMES. By John H. Wilson. Farrar, Straus & Young. $4. A biography of the errant, ebullient, and excellent Second Duke of Buckingham, and his days in Restoration England as a favorite of kings, a dreamer of a Royal Navy, a lover, intriguer, hunter, musician, and chemist.

RAKE ROCHESTER. By Charles Norman. Crown Publishers. $3. Seventeenth-century rakehells are rising up all over the literary marketplace this spring. This biography, by the poet, novelist, and biographer, celebrates the doings of the Second Earl of Rochester, John Wilmot, who was a royal ward of Charles II, a great beauty snatcher and begettor, and a poet who has not been forgotten.

THE REAL AMERICANS. By A. Hyatt Verrill. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5. A run-up on the American Indian by a man with Indian blood in his veins, and many years' experience as a student of Indian culture.

RUBE GOLDBERG'S GUIDE TO EUROPE. By Rube Goldberg and Sam Boal. Vanguard Press. $2. Pictures by Goldberg, the master inventor, and words by Sam Boal, on how to do Europe.

THE SABLE LION. By Jan Van Dorp. Translated by Clarissa Cooper. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. A heavy-bottomed historical novel that has already been well received in Belgium, about a seventeenth-century corsair and soldier of fortune who made Ostend into an important port.

SILENCE FOR HIS WORSHIP. By Bernard Ash. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.95. A shirt-sleeves-to-shirtsleeves-in-one-generation novel about a Victorian orphan who rises from the streets to wealth, and, after he has lost his wife and adopted son, returns to the streets and finally a job in service, where he ends his sad days.

A SINGLE PILGRIM. By Norman Lewis. Rinehart & Co. $3. A novel about the Siam of today, and about a Westerner in that country, who for many years had been a branch manager of a timber concession.

SPANISH STORIES AND TALES. Edited by Harriet de Onis. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.95. A collection of twenty-three Spanish and South American short stories by such as Cervantes, Unamuno, Valle-Inclan, and Quiroga.

TOURIST GUIDE TO MEXICO. By G. M. Bashford. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $4. An up-to-date blue book on Mexico.

UNDER THE NET. By Iris Murdoch. Viking Press. $3.50. A novel about fun among the lower lifes in London and Paris.

VENEZUELA THROUGH ITS HISTORY. By William D. and Amy L. Marsland. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.75. A history of "Little Venice," as the first Spanish settlers called it, from the time of their coming to the present.

WAGONS TO TUCSON. By Ed Newsom. Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. Some bugles from the old West about a band of hardies who emigrate from Colorado to California by covered wagon near the close of the Civil War.

WE ADOPTED A DAUGHTER. By Harry Bell. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.75. The story of an adoption by the author of a two-and-a-half-year-old girl.

WESTERN WORLD COSTUME. By Carolyn G. Bradley. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $6. A complete outline, with glossary of terms, bibliography, and line drawings, of the dress we have worn in the Western world from Sumeria to the contemporary day.

ZURBARAN. Edited by Martin S. Soria. Phaidon Publishers. $12.50. A collection of reproductions of the paintings of the baroque Spanish painter. There are 280 in all, nine of which are in full color.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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Personal History

Continued from page 21

the slightest amount of pity for him, for he feels no pity for himself. He evokes the reader's interest, admiration, and respect at the outset of his story, and never once loses them.

THE delirious, tragi-comic dreams which besieged Marugg during the first terrible weeks of his illness, and which open this book, serve as a flashback on the author's life. The physical torture, the racking pain, the agony of being encased in an iron lung on whose steady rhythm his life depends, the shock of coming to the realization that his body is utterly useless, in fact a frightful burden to himself and to his family, are all vividly revealed. Then, the acute stage safely behind him, Marugg is transferred to a respiration center in California, where he eventually goes through the long, fearsome ordeal of being weaned from the iron-lung, the rocking bed, and the chest respirator; is promoted to a wheelchair; and finally even to walking of a kind, with braces and crutches.

Progress is interminably slow, so Marugg has plenty of time in which to think. He uses it to good advantage: "I had to start over again, helpless as a baby—a baby, they say, has only two fears, the fear of falling and the fear of loud noises. I had the fear of the future. . . . The miracles, if there were to be any, would be miracles of therapy and medical skill and mechanical invention, combined with my own faith and persistence. . . . Out of my own self-appraisal I wanted at least to be able to say, 'Here, I am not a polio; I am bigger than this thing that has happened to me!'; if I could use the shackling of my legs to strengthen the muscles of my mind, and learn new economies of movement and of time, new techniques with my hands, gain new disciplines, new insight, know more than I did before and so find interests, enjoyments, fields of endeavor, that would not otherwise have occurred to me, I should be able to look the miserable little Virus in the eye and laugh."

One assumes Ann Walters wrote the story very much as Marugg recounted it to her, but she obviously does some of the thinking, too. She has written with skill, and with a simplicity becoming to Marugg's own honest and uncomplicated make-up.

For the families of the nearly 50,000 victims of polio each year who search in the public libraries for "the book" on the disease, this is it.

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Fiction

Continued from page 14

his stormy love for Princess Irene, the American girl, Penny Kent, whose motives seem at best petty and at worst purely mercenary—and is at its most annoying in Julian's grand speech of renunciation, a copybook catalogue of abstract homilies in praise of, I think, democracy.

But with all these flaws it is still a readable and casually entertaining book. Julian is a likable king and a believable human being. Some characters like General Basseno, Julian's aide; Baron Von Dell, a loyal courtier and very nearly a moron; Prince Freddy De Koven, an alcoholic and disenchanted suitor of Princess Irene; two American advisers on the art of regaining thrones, a pollster and a public-relations man—these spring alive from the page.

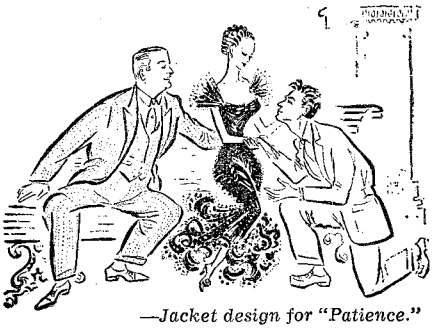
Publication has been timed well for the hammock trade. "Coins in the Fountain," Mr. Secondari's first and more tightly written novel, was snapped up by the movies. "Temptation for a King," a less good book, could make an even better movie.

Notes

PATIENCE FINDS LOVE: Subtitled "the story of a proper girl improperly in love," **"Patience"** (Macmillan, $3.) appears at first blush to be a kindly spoof of the love life of some middle-class Londoners. John Coates has a delicious way with words; his tongue-in-cheekish portrait of Patience Gathorne-Galley, mother of three-and-a-half babes, and a babe in St. John's Wood herself, is good-humoredly satiric. But when Patience discovers that she has been missing something in her seven years of married "submission" to Edward Gathorne-Galley, Mr. Coates drifts from his mood of lightweight satire off into fairly misty sentiment. What Patience has been deprived of is supplied by an impulsive concert pianist named Philip, in some passages that sound a bit as though Peter Pan were tutoring Wendy in the mysteries of the birds and bees. Matters are complicated by the loutishness of Edward (who has been keeping a succession of mistresses), and by his wife's religion, which forbids divorce. But Patience is a woman both awakened and determined. She works things out in an ingenious way which satisfies everyone except the oafish Edward.

Mr. Coates invests "Patience" with a generous share of charm and high-spirited innocence. But he wavers between writing an adult fairy-tale, a slick romance, and a social satire, and he doesn't quite bring off any of them.

—Martin Levin.



—Jacket design for "Patience."

IF LEONARDO HAD TURNED NOVELIST: One of the year's most peculiar publishing ventures is a short novel entitled **"The Deluge"** (Twayne, $3), which is advertised as having been written by that famous jack-of-all-arts, Leonardo da Vinci. According to the editor, Robert Payne, Leonardo left some notes for a short novel describing the end of the world. In them were mysterious references to a prophet and some exotic Eastern personages. There are other references to the effects of a devastation comparable only to what goes on in the Pacific these days, some mystical thoughts on necromancy, some inaccurate geographical descriptions, and some not very profound thoughts on such things as truth in relation to falsehood, etc. Unfortunately, there is no plot and nothing to indicate what Leonardo's real intentions were, but the enterprising Mr. Payne sets out to fill in all the enormous gaps. What he does is to incorporate verbatim a good many of Leonardo's notes into a narrative that is entirely his own.

The story opens in a village "above Lake Como," where the storyteller and a priest are discussing necromancy. It is the priest's theory that a real necromancer would attempt to fight God and thus destroy the world. Well, that is just what happens. A terrible storm destroys the village and most of Europe. The survivors flee to an enchanted island, but pretty soon Beelzebub appears there and more destruction follows. The storyteller and his family flee to a mountain cave and wait for the waters to recede, after which there is much rejoicing and a rebirth of religious fervor.

I can't imagine what caused Mr. Payne and his publishers to produce "The Deluge." Leonardo's notes constitute something less than one-fifth of the story and they are not very interesting in any case. The public is being humbugged if it buys this book under the impression that it was written by Leonardo. The author's name is Robert Payne.

—William Murray.

U.S.A.

Continued from page 18

—he is now a Methodist minister—he worked in the tawdry slums of the Hull House district and his fleeting memories of some of his associations with the criminals-to-be there make reading more vivid than his hoary tales of how Dion O'Banion was slain in his flower shop and how young William McSwiggin, the bright boy on the state's attorney's staff, was murdered, and how the numbers racket and the dope plague thrive in Chicago. One of the best things in the book, strictly a vivid job of reporting, is "The Biggest Floating Crap Game in the World," a first-hand story of how Smith managed to sit in on a session in a syndicate gambling house that always keeps a few steps ahead of the sheriff's raiders—when, that is, the sheriff or some other public official is prodded into action by an indignant newspaper.

There is, to be sure, a section toward the end where those who ask "Well, what do we do about it?" may get some satisfaction. Yet even Smith's proposals for fighting the syndicate—revision of the city council, a better police force, reform of the judicial system to take judges out of politics, a new state criminal code, a better civil service system—are not likely to make a strong impression on the majority of Chicagoans. The newspapers have been demanding these things for years, and nothing of any real and lasting consequence ever seems to happen.

Lincoln's Lesson

CHARITY TO ALL: The American Civil War was perhaps the only unsuccessful revolution in history whose leaders were permitted to keep their heads. In the almost universal condemnation with which historians have damned the intolerance and the vengeful vindictiveness that accompanied Reconstruction, this fact should stand forth as a beacon of liberalism for all critical times.

The question of how the citizens of the Confederate States were to be restored to their former status of citizens of the Republic was one not easily answered. Opinion in the North was divided on the issue of punishment or forgiveness, and even among those who might be classed as vindictive there were many nuances. President Johnson, after a slow start, cast his lot for tolerance and forgiveness, and thereby made the country his debtor,

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albeit at the cost of his own political life.

The great mass of Southerners obtained forgiveness by the taking of a loyalty oath, as provided in proclamations of general amnesty, one by Lincoln and three by Johnson. Certain classes, such as high civil and military officers and persons of property, were excluded from the benefits of these proclamations, but these might apply to the President for special pardon. All in all, 13,500 special pardons were granted by the two Presidents, most of them, of course, by Johnson. Finally, on Christmas Day 1868, the President issued a proclamation of universal amnesty. It was this amnesty which finally restored the civil rights of Jefferson Davis and a handful of others who, because of their failure to seek special pardon or for other reason, were still unshriven.

This is the essence of the story told by Jonathan Truman Dorris in **"Pardon and Amnesty Under Lincoln and Johnson"** (University of North Carolina Press, $7.50). The essential facts are somewhat obscured by a mass of detail covering individual cases, many of which seemed to this reviewer superfluous. Mr. Dorris has done a good job of research, but there is something to be desired in his organization and handling of his material. One wonders, for instance, why the author's personal evaluation of the character and genius of Robert E. Lee belongs in a work of this kind.

—A. D. KIRWAN.

Spring Tonic

By Carl Binger

WHEN jonquil bends with April air,
When boughs are black and twigs are bare,
When chirp and chatter bring the dawn,
And peepers shrill their even-song,
No thought have I except to share
The earth with creatures, nor any care
But paint the fence and prune the vine,
And turn the compost with the tine,
And mend the wall where recent frost
Has tumbled boulders—boundaries lost.

Now wild goose wedges to the north,
While skunk and woodchuck venture forth;
My self, as well, from winter's rest
Spreads out its wings and swells its breast.

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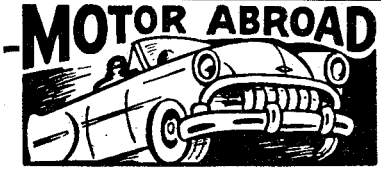

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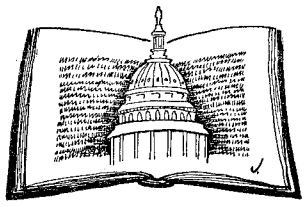
A Preface to Lippmann



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on whatever he likes," he did four columns a week. Now he does only three and sometimes less than that, especially when he is on his annual trips to Europe. His writing, of course, does not stop with "Today and Tomorrow," since between columns he is almost always working on magazine articles, lectures, or books.

The pressure of his schedule does not appear to trouble Lippmann. The philosophic calm which characterizes his prose is also characteristic of his manner and living. In a profession forever in a hurry he always seems unhurried. If he has nerves, he does not show them. His courtesy is indestructible, his quiet friendliness winning. No wag himself, his face lights up at the jokes of others. Although he takes a human interest in dinner table prattle, small talk is not his forte. He is an earnest man whose earnestness is unmistakable without being dampening.

The fault is not his if almost every chair he sits in is turned into a tripod by gushing hostesses or eager guests. Socially, he is the victim of his reputation, a person expected at the drop of a question to come up with an answer and to speak columns instead of writing them. When jockeyed at parties into the role of pontificator, he remains the least aggressive of conversationalists. Definite as his opinions may be, he states them mildly, almost shyly, and is as willing to listen as to talk. He discusses the most controversial subjects in crisp tones without raising his voice. Even in political arguments where tempers run short, he has mastered the art of keeping his. In speech no less than in print he presents his ideas in a pattern as neat as the planning of his daily routine in Washington. And nothing could be more systematic than that. It is almost metronomic in its regularity.

LIPPMANN is usually up at 6:45 and breakfasts at 7:15 with his wife, Helen Byrne, and their two French poodles, Coquet and Vickie, in Mrs. Lippmann's bedroom. By eight, being an exceptionally quick and selective reader, he has finished three newspapers (*The New York Times,* the *Herald Tribune,* and the *Washington Post*) and marked those items of special interest to him. Wearing either pajamas and dressing-gown or slacks and a sweater, he is then ready to go to his study and begin writing.

Years ago Lippmann insisted that "every man whose business it is to think knows that he must for part of the day create about himself a pool of silence." It is in such a pool of silence that he works even as a journalist in the big house in Georgetown which he has owned since 1946. His study, a large handsome room lined with books, is at the end of a long hall on the second floor. Friendly as its feeling is, it is a fortress against noise and distraction. Its quiet and sense of solitude in a home humming with activity are indispensable aids to Lippmann in maintaining the steady pulse-beat of his schedule.

Unlike most people, Lippmann has the strength not to look at his mail until he has finished his morning's stint. Nothing or no one is allowed to interrupt him. His secretaries, who work in the neat but file-jammed attic, are under strict instructions not to disturb him until he buzzes for them. Often without notes and sometimes with only three or four guide words jotted on a slip of paper, he settles down at his desk.

Lippmann's columns average 1,200 words and, as a rule, he turns them out in three hours, writing on white paper in a small hand that takes deciphering. Generally he does a second draft before recording the final version on his dictaphone. At eleven or soon thereafter he calls his secretary, Jean Wehner, who has been with him for eight years, and she returns to the attic to transcribe the final version, a process requiring twenty to forty minutes. While Miss Wehner is typing, Lippmann dresses, reads his mail (which is large), and turns to the dictaphone to answer it. By 12:45 he and Miss Wehner have gone over the column she has typed. At one o'clock the *Herald Tribune* calls and Miss Wehner in the next ten or fifteen minutes reads the approved script over the telephone to a girl in New York, a method found less expensive than wiring it.

Meanwhile Lippmann has driven his 1950 Chrysler to the Metropolitan Club, where he lunches at 1:00 on columnless days, and 1:15 on column days, mainly with key figures, foreign or American, in search of background for what he will write next. After lunch he returns home between 2:00 and 2:30 to sign his letters, catch up with periodicals, continue his extensive reading, take a short walk, or work at carpentry in a room in the cellar.

Every afternoon he consults for half or three-quarters of an hour with Barbara Donald, whose task is to aid him in his research, clip newspapers, keep his copious files, and preside over the reference library which is also in the attic. In a trunk room, adjoining the office, an AP teletype machine ticks away, a link with the outside world. When a column is dispatched and a chapter or magazine article finished, Miss Wehner types Lippmann's letters or the quotations he has marked in his reading, while Charlotte Wallace, who is Mrs. Lippmann's secretary, takes care of social and household correspondence. All three women admit that, genuine as is Lippmann's serenity and courteous as he always is, the pressure is terrific when he is around.

LIPPMANN'S second wife, to whom he has been married since 1938, shares her husband's energy, graciousness, and serious interests. She is an accomplished hostess, hospitable to both ideas and people. Trim and stylish herself, she likes life to be tidy too and has the gift of making it so. She is equally skilful at insulating Lippmann against the world and in bringing him out into it.

With her he usually goes to two cocktail parties between 6:00 and 7:30 and returns home to dress before either giving or going to a dinner at eight. Although such social activities supply diversion, they also provide invaluable opportunities for brain-picking, a favorite Washington indoor sport and one vital to Lippmann's job. When he dines out Lippmann seldom stays late, leaving as a rule between 10:30 and 11:00 unless imprisoned by protocol, that curse and kill-joy but necessary evil of Washington society. Before going to sleep he seeks more relaxation by reading something not connected with his work. In general his light is turned off well before midnight. Having finished "today" on schedule, he is prepared to start "tomorrow" on the same schedule even when he is devoting the morning to magazine articles or books rather than columns.

Lippmann is selective in his friendships as in everything else. His enemies have attacked him for knowing the well-heeled and the mighty rather than the poor and the unimportant. They have claimed that his liberalism has been subdued by what Beatrice Webb called the "aristocratic embrace." But the charge that he sees only the "right people" overlooks his

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temperament, background, and the special nature of the role he has made his own. He sees the people he enjoys, the people who stimulate him, the people he needs to see for professional reasons—in other words, the people who are right for him. This does not mean they are politically to the right. They may or may not be. He only hopes they will talk well, and does not mind if they live well, too.

Diogenes, who also had a philosophic turn of mind, elected to live in a tub. This was his prerogative, but his example, though admired by many, has been followed by few. Diogenes's choice would never have been Lippmann's. This does not mean that the ostentatious has any appeal for him or that he is taken in by price tags or interested in them. Worldly-wise as he is, Lippmann is much too wise for that. Much too much of a moralist also, and much too much of a gentleman. He is a man of informed tastes who happens to prize the amenities. A snob, however, he is not and never has had to be.

His parents, Jacob and Daisy Baum Lippmann, were cultivated people. His father was a New York clothing manufacturer and real-estate broker successful enough to retire early. Both his father and mother saw to it that the young Walter enjoyed those privileges and protections which go with being the only child of prosperous parents. They sent him to Dr. Sachs's School for Boys, an excellent private day school attended in large part by children of affluent families of German-Jewish descent. They encouraged him to buy books and to read them. They took him abroad summer after summer on vacation trips (once even to St. Petersburg) during which he acquired an early acquaintance with painting, sculpture, architecture, and European history. He was one of those sons who have the sense to take advantage of every advantage given.

The civilized, the somewhat cottoned and cushioned, approach to life Lippmann knew while growing up remains the pattern of his living even now. Undoubtedly his writing would have been different had he had the common touch and spent more time in the company of that mythical entity, the common man. Lippmann, however, is by no means alone among Washington columnists in being on closer terms with labor as an idea than with laborers. He has always worked at the top level; been a captain, so to speak, at home on the bridge and uncomfortable with the crew. Even in journalism he became an editor without ever having served any real apprenticeship as a reporter.

If the society he finds agreeable is good society, it is because that is the environment in which he is at ease. This is not to say, as his critics have maintained, that he sees the world through a class darkly (to misapply a phrase of Philip Littell's). A conventional life may appeal to Lippmann because the very grooves it follows are expressions and guarantees of order. As a young man just out of Harvard where he had championed Socialism, he may have fancied himself for a while as a radical and tried hard to belong to New York's Bohemia by attending Mabel Dodge's "evenings" at her home at 23 Fifth Avenue. But, at least at heart, Lippmann was a fish out of water on

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE GIRL IN THE CAGE *Ben Benson* (Mill-Morrow: $2.75)	Mass. State Trooper Lindsey tackles car-stealing mob; people also get smashed.	Cast of manageable size, not all look-alike; pace fast.	Nice going
THE LONG GOODBYE *Raymond Chandler* (Houghton Mifflin: $3)	Philip Marlowe, LA peeper, tangles with cops, killers, quality, riffraff.	Usual excellent job by classic performer; perhaps his best.	An old master
ROCKS AND RUIN *Hal Jason Calin* (Vanguard: $2.50)	Ed Green, NY eye back from Paris, runs into much mayhem.	Sprightly job, with good action, some odd characters.	Plus mark
CASES IN COURT *Patrick Hastings* (British Book Centre: $2.95)	Noted British advocate discusses 21 crime classics, from libel to murder.	Narratives suffer from drastic compression, hasty writing.	OK, save as noted
CASINO ROYALE *Ian Fleming* (Macmillan: $2.75)	British agent finds spy trouble, gal trouble, in French spa.	Baccarat session is high point in fine thriller by new hand.	Come again, brother

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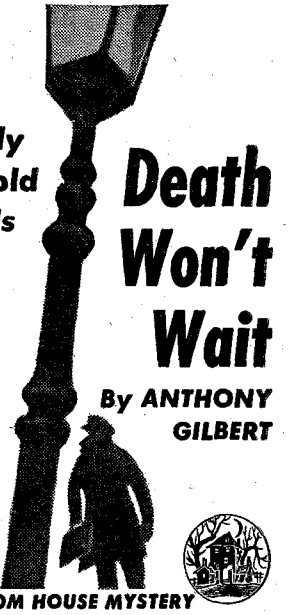

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the seacoast of this particular Bohemia.

The talk of such young untamed spirits as Hutchins Hapgood, Jo Davidson, Emma Goldman, John Reed, Max Eastman, Frances Perkins, Robert Edmond Jones, Lee Simonson, and Margaret Sanger was bold, free, and provocative. There was apt to be, as Mrs. Dodge observed one evening when Big Bill Haywood was a guest, "a great deal of General Conversation but no definition." This was a lack which Lippmann would have noticed and resented. He was a short-hair among the long-haired. Most decidedly, he was not a batik or barricade type. Intellectually he was "thoroughly free," Mrs. Dodge admitted. Yet she remembered him as being Harvardized, well-bred, possessed of "a fine poise" and "a cool understanding." Her complaint was that, though she found him "strong," "young," and "succinctly male," "there was no incontinence and no flowing sensuality."

Like many another, Lippmann could appreciate the beauties of art without being able to tolerate the offstage egotism and eccentricities of artists. For example, he found himself "utterly disgusted" by Isadora Duncan's behavior one night at Mrs. Dodge's and left the party early. "If this is Greece and Joy and the Aegean Isles and the Influence of Music," he scribbled in a note to his hostess when he had retreated to the propriety of the Harvard Club, "I don't want anything to do with it."

That Lippmann was out of place in Greenwich Village did not mean his friends and acquaintances there failed to stimulate him or appreciate him. John Reed—his classmate and fellow socialist at Harvard, who was in time to join the Soviets, become one of their heroes, write a classic account of the Red Revolution in "Ten Days That Shook the World," and be buried beneath the Kremlin's walls—dashed off a vivid portrait of the Lippmann of those days:

> Lippmann,—calm, inscrutable,
> Thinking and writing clearly, soundly, well;
> All snarls of falseness swiftly piercing through,
> His keen mind leaps like lightning to the True;
>
> . . . .
>
> Our all unchallenged Chief! But . . . one
> Who builds a world, and leaves out all the fun,—
> Who dreams a pageant, gorgeous, infinite,
> And then leaves all the color out of it,—
> Who wants to make the human race, and me,
> March to a geometric QED.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The person whose life is insured.	60 148 141 31 183 65 116
B. Another name for the "fiddler" crab.	113 52 21 16 119 42 8 57 182
C. Contributing to promote.	172 77 68 179 64 147 133 58 150 89
D. *Porthetria*, accidentally and regrettably introduced into Massachusetts less than 100 years ago (2 wds.).	14 24 107 66 6 157 61 36 121 177 152
E. Haile Selassie's capital city.	41 104 20 92 50 76 79 142 162 99
F. Handsome heavy lace originally made in Ireland (2 wds.).	176 155 97 11 22 170 144 56 48 111 67 109
G. One way of spelling that Chinese nut.	173 75 112 98 188 34
H. Ring-shaped; esp. used in botany.	15 149 80 146 138 35 102 126 86
I. Feeble illumination, as from a certain weak candle.	87 38 30 180 96 128 154 124 187
J. Large African lake, forming part of boundary, Belgian Congo, discovered by Henry M. Stanley, 1889.	136 94 17 167 70 74
K. The sultan to whom Scheherazade told stories for 1001 nights.	93 143 2 49 85 19 81 69 178

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Artificial channel for water.	88 32 132 27 123 184 166 18 53
M. Children's outdoor game, variant of *hide-and-seek* (2 wds.).	37 130 174 26 106 151 164 83
N. The stone of a drupe.	139 160 100 33 90 28
O. Silly talk; utter nonsense.	39 175 125 169 78 9 95
P. Describing those yearning masses on the Statue of Liberty.	62 189 25 43 105 54 44
Q. Son and successor of Saul (comp.).	3 55 135 13 159 158 108 114 84 40
R. American astronomer who began as a country storekeeper (1820-1913).	4 46 131 137 118
S. In a manner; qualifying phrase used to relieve some expression which might seem incongruous (3 wds.).	5 110 10 120 72 71 127 185
T. Asiatic country whose name means "land of the pure."	91 12 165 23 117 51 156 103
U. Portrait mountain in South Dakota.	161 122 134 29 190 145 168 101
V. Owing gratitude for something received.	73 47 59 181 191 1 63 140
W. Name shared by Mark Twain and Lady Astor.	129 163 115 82 171 45 7 186 153

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	1 V	2 K	3 Q	4 R	■	5 S	6 D	7 W	8 B	9 O	■	10 S	11 F	■	12 T	■								
13 Q	14 C	15 H	16 B	17 J	18 L	19 K	20 E	■	21 B	22 F	23 T	24 C	25 P	■	26 M	27 L								
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42 B	43 P	■	44 P	45 W	46 R	47 V	48 F	49 K	50 E	51 T	■	52 B	53 L	54 P	55 Q	■								
56 F	57 B	58 C	■	59 V	60 A	61 D	■	62 P	63 V	64 C	■	65 A	66 D	67 F	68 C	■								
69 K	70 J	71 S	■	72 S	73 V	74 J	75 G	■	76 E	77 C	78 O	■	79 E	80 H	81 K	82 W								
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96 I	97 F	98 G	99 E	100 N	101 U	■	102 H	103 T	104 E	■	105 P	106 M	107 D	108 Q	109 F	■								
110 S	111 F	112 G	■	113 B	114 Q	115 W	116 A	117 T	■	118 R	119 B	■	120 S	121 D	122 U	123 L								
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Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

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The Joys of Jazz

By WILDER HOBSON

THIS is an era of jazz pedagogy and archaeology. I will confess that I myself have been talking on the subject of the music to the Princeton Adult School. And it is typical of the times that my wallet should contain, in addition to cards certifying me as a member of the New Jersey Civil Defense Corps, The American Newspaper Guild, and the Rolls-Royce Owners' Club, an impressive pasteboard describing me to the potential pickpocket as belonging to the "planning committee" of The Institute of Jazz Studies, Inc. This last is a large assemblage of erudite jazzbos gathered together by Professor Marshall Stearns of New York University for the purpose of looking into syncopation.

Now there is some danger in all this that jazz will come to be taken not merely seriously but also solemnly. That would be too bad. I have just received a powerful personal urge in the other direction from a huge load of jazz classics dug out of the files of the Radio Corporation of America. This so-called "X" series of records are elegantly referred to by the company as "vault originals." And when I place a "vault original" on my turntable, what do I hear? I hear the late Mr. Red McKenzie playing the kazoo.

Praise be for that. My point is that while I might have been tempted to review this fine series of reissues with scholarly weight, the records have stimulated me too pleasantly in this spring weather. Besides, each of the LP's has learned and lively notes by Bill Grauer, Jr., and Orrin Keepnews.

The aforesaid kazoo playing—and the kazoo was a delightfully raucous and somewhat lewd instrument in McKenzie's hands—occurs in "Eddie Condon's Hot Shots" (RCA LX-3005). This is a vigorous Chicago-style compendium, as of 1929, and includes the wonderfully punchy, early-period tenor saxophone playing of Coleman Hawkins with the Mound City Blue Blowers. There is also work by the clarinetist Pee Wee Russell. To aging ears it is amazing how many of the younger jazz enthusiasts fail to appreciate the talents of this man. He is widely regarded as a character with a wry face (which is certainly no libel), but any thoroughgoing familiarity with his recorded history should produce high respect for him, and I have never heard a fine jazz musician speak his name with much less than awe. The record also contains two masters of the stirring "I'm Gonna Stomp Mr. Henry Lee," with notable piano work by Joe Sullivan and the playing and singing of trombonist Jack Teagarden.

At long last there is a reissue of some of the records of 1917 and 1918 which first made jazz famous. "Original Dixieland Jass Band (Vol. 1)" (RCA LX-3007) presents eight numbers by that pioneering outfit. These are, of course, old-fashioned, acoustical recordings. I plead guilty to an utter lack of detachment about them. They are magic to me—the first jazz I ever heard, around the time of their issuance—and I can only say that many others have admired the light, elastic polyphony of the little five-piece combination. The late Bix Beiderbecke learned much from Nick La Rocca's Dixieland cornet; Eddie Edward's trombone was impeccable tailgate; and Larry Shield's clarinet still seems to me among the most lyrically delightful playing in jazz history. Since we now have all been told that there were excellent Negro bands operating in New Orleans before the white Dixieland got together, it has become something of a custom to disparage, or at least to discount, the latter's contribution to the music. I have long felt that whatever jazz's origins and lines of development, the musicianship of the Original Dixieland was very special and probably very influential among both Negro and white players.

"Johnny Dodds' Washboard Band" (RCA LX-3006) presents the most famous of all jazz clarinetists in his ripest 1928 and 1929 form. RCA's

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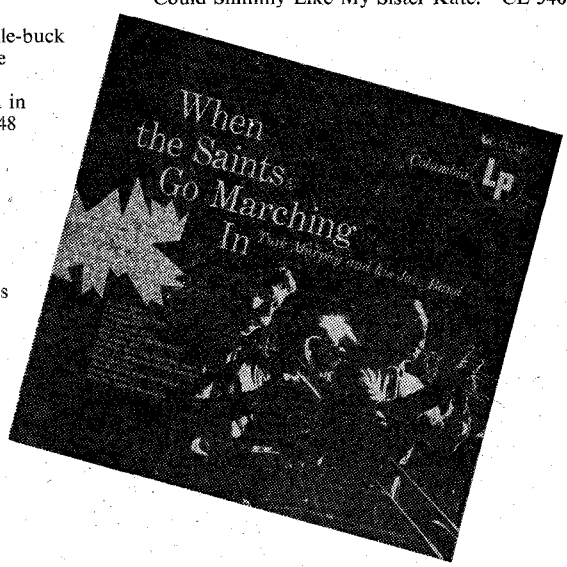

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hall of fame continues with "Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers" (RCA LX-3008), which many devotees consider the finest classic jazz band of all time (I would still opt for Louis Armstrong's Hot Five and Hot Seven). There is another fine program of piano blues and boogie by the warm and stately "Jimmy Yancey" (RCA LX-3000). And I had positively forgotten what muscular, varied music was to be had from "Bennie Moten's Kansas City Jazz (Vol. 1)" (RCA LX-3004) of 1926 and 1927, and from "Jimmy Lunceford and His Chickasaw Syncopators" (RCA LX-3002) dating from 1930 and 1934.

These two LP's have one thing in common: they both represent early stages of organizations that went on to higher musical finish and much wider repute. Bennie Moten's band evolved into the Count Basie organization, and Lunceford shone out lustrously under his own name. But, as so often happens with jazz revivals, I find that these early works have a spontaneous heartiness, an experimental fervor which are distinctive values in themselves. If the children are sometimes awkward, they are full of beans and it is hard to take one's eyes off them.

There are other things to be said of RCA's resurrection of Lionel Hampton band numbers from the late Thirties: "Hot Mallets" (RCA Victor LJM-1000). Hampton's band was a glitteringly finished troupe from the start. I have the impression that in recent years Hampton has indulged in a good deal of loud and flashy exhibitionism. But this revival of a dozen prewar numbers is full of beautiful playing by a throng of masters. In the interests of space I will merely impart that the vibraphonist is to be heard with such trumpeters as Cootie Williams, Rex Stewart, Jonah Jones, Dizzy Gillespie, Henry Allen, and Ziggy Elman. I was especially touched by the rolling tenor saxophone of the late Choo Berry, and by Jess Stacy at the piano.

—*Bill Gottlieb.*

Coleman Hawkins—"wonderfully punchy."

WE now leave the RCA preserves and consider some of the competition. There is a "Jam Session Coast-to-Coast" (Columbia CL 547) which features an augmented Eddie Condon group from the Atlantic littoral and a Hollywood studio constellation under the name of The Rampart Street Paraders. Mr. Condon, who is credited with "guitar and conversation," has made things challenging for some of his regular boys. Trombonist Cutty Cutshall is faced with the rival Lou McGarity. Clarinetist Edmond Hall is up against Peanuts Hucko. "Wild Bill" Davison competes with the part-time trumpet playing of the pianist Dick Cary. Cary must contend with Gene Schroeder at the keyboard, and George Wettling with Cliff Leeman at the drums. The result of this scrambling is some excellent traditional jazz. At one point Mr. Condon's conversational powers prompt him to loud praise of Mr. McGarity, in which I heartily concur.

The Hollywoodians on the reverse include such practised men as tenor saxophonist Eddie Miller and clarinetist Matty Matlock. There is also Abe Lincoln. For a good many years now —more than I like to think have passed—I have engaged in a chilly altercation with Professor Marshall Stearns of NYU on the subject of Abe Lincoln. When it all began Professor Stearns was not at NYU. If I remember correctly he was attending the Yale graduate school, preparing himself for a career in the study of Chaucer. My insistence that there was a slide trombonist named Abe Lincoln was received with the kind of lordly dismissal which all neophyte scholars give to anything they cannot verify in a concordance. But I had heard Lincoln delivering himself at a debutante party at the Brooklyn Heights Casino, and his message seemed to me as memorable as the Gettysburg Address. He plays "The Sheik" on this LP, and his staccato wallop will undoubtedly delight the Professor's heart.

His good friend John Hammond has organized a musicale in which a gifted group improvise on a single tune for the full length of a twelve-inch LP. On one side of this "Buck Clayton Jam Session" (Columbia CL 548) the tune is "The Huckle Buck" and on the other it is "Robbins' Nest." I have never cared for the first theme, but

Eddie Condon—"guitar and conversation."

find the second highly agreeable and most of the playing on both sides of high quality—with many modern touches. Sir Charles Thompson is certainly one of the most engaging jazz pianists—subtle, economical, highly inventive. The other players in the all-star cast are the veteran Buck Clayton, a poetical trumpet player; Joe Newman, who has taken Clayton's place in the Count Basie band; trombonists Henderson Chambers and Urbie Green; saxophonists Lem Davis, Julian Dash, and Charlie Fowlkes; and the original Count Basie rhythm section—Freddie Green, guitar; Walter Page, bass; and Jo Jones, drums. They provide, as always, superb motive power.

I was late in arriving at "Ellington Uptown" (Columbia ML 4639) and apologize to the admirers. After many periods of lush overelaboration and rampant colorism, the Duke Ellington band seems to me today to be in. remarkably robust form. It remains, of course, possibly the most sheerly dashing of all jazz combinations, with as much poise as the dandies of Dégas. This LP is particularly notable for the version of Billy Strayhorn's hymn to the New York subway system, "Take the 'A' Train," with a bewitching scat singing chorus by Betty Roche, and for Juan Tizol's grand old "Perdido," with lovely trumpet arabesques by Ray Nance. There is also a drum specialty by Louis Bellson, a long mood piece called "A Tone Parallel to Harlem," and a new treatment of "The Mooche."

The trombonist Wilbur de Paris, never a man to be trite, offers in "*New* New Orleans Jazz" (A440 LP AJ503) a small-band program of neo-

(*Continued on page* 51)

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A Colleague's View of Major Armstrong

In "Major Armstrong: An American Tragedy" [SR *Feb. 27*] *the career of the inventor of FM radio was characterized by R. D. Darrell as an instance of the "common tragedy of the heroic individualist in present-day society." Herewith* SR *presents a dissenting opinion from C. B. Fisher, a long-time professional associate of Armstrong, who is president of Radio Engineering Products Ltd., one of the leading manufacturers of electronic equipment in Canada.*

By C. B. FISHER

MAJOR EDWIN H. ARMSTRONG was the greatest inventor of our time, perhaps of any past time. He was also, beyond all question, a man of fine mental powers, unflinching courage, massive strength of character, unceasing industry, and simple charm. As a young man he earned, and thereafter wisely spent, a large fortune. Unequaled fame and honors did not deflect him into egotism. These things make hero worship easy for minds with reverence for greatness. They hardly justify the myth of American tragedy which R. D. Darrell offered in RECORDINGS of February 27.

There was, one guesses, private tragedy in Armstrong's life, perhaps more than in most lives of sixty-three years' duration; certainly he drank uncommonly bitter hemlock at the end. Of this I have no special knowledge, nor do I wish it. We do know, however, that his career as an inventor was a great triumph—American if you like, although his first and perhaps greatest invention was made in France—unparalleled by any great creative mind that one can easily recall.

I knew his work and the man for twenty years, and he told me much of his earlier life. During that time I saw no sign of the struggle which Mr. Darrell rightly deems tragic, which he says men of high talent commonly wage nowadays with the society of their fellows.

For nearly forty years Armstrong was regarded as one of electronics' greatest minds by all the thousands of men with knowledge adequate for a real judgment. For thirty years past, and as far as we can see into the future, hardly a piece of electronic equipment did not or will not use one, two, or more of his inventions. From his early manhood earnings from his inventions made Armstrong wealthy beyond the spending ability of any sane man. For the last twenty years he was praised to the point of adulation in the technical press and engineering conferences of the world. Governments honored him with almost extravagant praise; famous universities offered him more degrees than he cared to accept; learned societies made unprecedented claims on his behalf; a great army recorded his importance in winning a global war. Could the world, in all reason, have done more for him, or done it earlier? Would more money or more praise (more recognition was not possible) have been of any real value to him? I do not think so, and I am sure Armstrong did not think so.

Armstrong loved to battle human inertia. Like all true inventors, he often professed to believe that any decision against immediate adoption of his inventions was dictated only by stupidity, cynicism, or greed. Thus, while he won all his wars, and gloried in the victories, he became heated about a few lost skirmishes. All the years I knew him, he spoke bitterly about only one major engagement—the only one he lost. This was a twenty-year legal struggle, not with one of Mr. Darrell's "cooperative quasi-anonymous research teams, dominated by large corporations," but with Lee de Forest, another great individual inventor. They disputed priority of invention of the regenerative electron-tube circuit, and the courts ruled in favor of De Forest. It is true that the Bell System had purchased De Forest's claims (for a very substantial sum) and their lawyers handled the case. But Armstrong had at his command resources of literally hundreds of thousands of dollars, partly derived from royalties paid by his opponents.

Many competent observers felt that he could not reasonably have hoped to win a clean-cut decision over the powerful case which De Forest advanced. Actually, the Bell System (and most other large corporations in the field of communications) recognized all his patents and paid large sums for their use. Armstrong was a close friend of the senior General Electric executives, who backed frequency modulation from its earliest days and supported Armstrong's crusade in a spirit more of chivalry than self-interest. Armstrong told me that he was at one time the largest single holder of RCA stock. On another occasion he said that General Sarnoff had offered him complete control of all of RCA's vast engineering and scientific activities, with salary to match. [EDITOR'S NOTE: This statement is denied by RCA sources.]

ON A SUNDAY early in September 1939 I had breakfast with Armstrong in his apartment in New York. We had planned to spend the day discussing ways and means of establishing frequency modulation in every corner of the Canadian electronics industry. But early in the day news came of Britain's declaration of war on Germany and we knew that Canada would not honorably stay out for more than a few days. It seemed the

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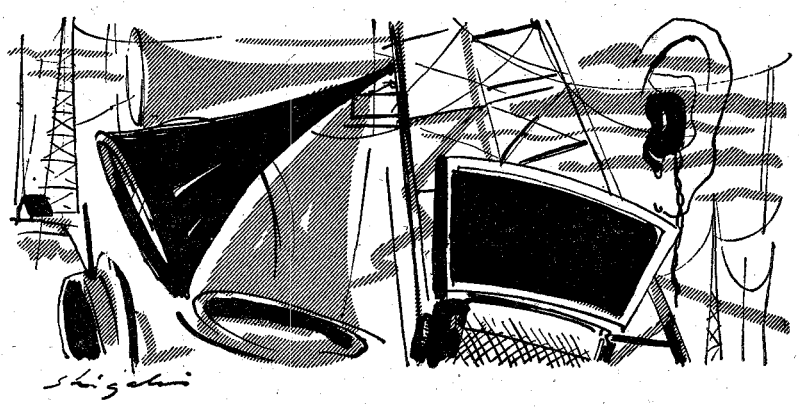

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Mozart with a Machine (K. 33⅓)

By REGINALD KELL

The justly renowned British clarinet virtuoso Reginald Kell tells what it's like to play Mozart's Clarinet Quintet with a phonograph. His collaborators of record were the Classic String Quartet, who have made a long series of LP discs of the standard chamber-music literature with one part missing.

I OFTEN try to analyze the many different types of record collectors and group them into various clans, but I'm afraid this is a hopeless job; there are too many. The normal collector, who in some circles would be termed naive, is a person who likes to listen to a favorite piece of music whenever he feels like it. He is happy, for his listening is not geared to stomach ulcers or neurotic indulgencies—he just likes to listen to music in the home. Then we have the platoon system collector, a bizarre type liable to buy versions of the same work *ad infinitum*. But it is the common bulk-buyer who is the one sent from heaven to take care of the record industry. He fills closets and shelves with the things, but is no listener under any circumstances. On occasions he will decide to inflict a record recital on his unsuspecting friends, but usually contrives to talk, or shout, throughout the entire playing. And there are many other types, all interesting characters in their own particular way.

The kind of collector I am concerned with here, however, is the one who uses the medium of recorded music as a means to educate himself, both musically and technically, and who at the same time often supplies amusement for his family. The outlet for this anomaly is provided by the publication of the Music Minus One series of LP records, which offer performances of a piece of music, usually chamber music, with a single part omitted. Quite a number of string quartets and quintets have been recorded in this peculiar manner, which enables an instrumentalist to fill in the missing part, performing while the record is playing.

Being a clarinettist myself and a firm believer in "to know all is to forgive all," I ordered a copy of the Music Minus One recording of Mozart's Quintet in A major for clarinet and string quartet. My object in doing so was not to spend my spare time performing the work for my own amazement, but to discover, if I could, the fundamental satisfaction to be derived from such an excursion into this Quixotian realm of music-making.

The record arrived with a clarinet score enclosed. I waited until I was alone in the house except for our three parakeets—Winkle, Sam, and his wife Susie—who were far too interested in themselves to notice my active preparation for a performance I knew must be over before my family returned if I was to preserve my shaky dignity. Let's remember, the art in performing chamber music is to have at least a vague idea of what the other fellow is trying to do. This helps keep the music in more or less orderly fashion, for there is no room or desire for conductor participation in this friendly form of musical art. I have seen conductors insist on directing professional performances of the Schubert Octet, but to me they always look, and usually behave, like strangers in paradise. In any case, so as to give myself a sporting chance and learn just what my new-found colleagues, the Classic String Quartet, were going to do with the work, I put on the record, sat back in my chair, and listened.

AS THE composition developed it became evident that in spite of the quartet's unfamiliar name, the reading was sound, the balance was good, and the effect arresting. So much so that I spent the next hour marveling at the ingenuity of Mozart. Although an important part of this musical conversation was missing, I felt that to join in would be to intrude. The noisy return of my family put an end to my bewilderment, and so the complete performance was deferred for the time being.

Two days later I was alone again and able to make the second attempt. As I unpacked my clarinet I was conscious of an unreal situation: the very thought of playing along with a mechanical instrument had a childish flavor to it. Even Sam eyed me with a certain amount of suspicion, I thought. I turned my back on him and started the machine.

We had not gone very far before I realized I could not hear the Classic String Quartet while playing myself. The volume had to be turned up—too loud for normal listening—so as to balance the clarinet sound, which is transmitted to the player mostly through the head and is consequently very near to him in effect. This I adjusted, we started again, and all went

(*Continued on page* 65)

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ings now being made in Europe to continue the Anthology will also be available. If you will write to The Haydn Society, 30 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass. we will send you a booklet about L'Anthologie Sonore — its background, its significance, its titles. It is so much more than a history: it has long been considered a major work of art in itself. There is nothing like it on records because there is nothing else like it in music.

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Recordings in Review

A New "New World"

DVORAK: *Symphony in E minor (Opus 95). Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor LM 1778, $5.72.)

FOR those who have heard this work on the one or two occasions in the last few years (most recently in February of last year) when Toscanini has broadcast it, the scope and breadth of this interpretation will revive an experience and confirm an impression. For others, it can only be regarded as the revival of the work itself, giving it a dignity and inclusiveness hardly imaginable from some performances it has had in the "pop" category.

The rather remarkable thing about this playing, it seems to me, is the identity thus asserted with its supposed though sometimes debated poetic essence: that is to say, relative to arguments that Dvorak had written music of much the same character before he ever came to America, that its relationship to this soil was factitious and accidental, rather than fundamental and generative. Whatever the Slavonic elements involved, Toscanini makes it quite clear that only the continental breadth and territorial expanse that Dvorak discovered here on his journey to a Bohemian colony in Iowa could have called forth the kind of musical expression embodied in the great moments of this work.

As on the occasion of many other Toscanini "documentaries" (as one might describe a work recorded by him for the first time), the shock of novelty in the sound is invariably borne out by supporting instructions in the score. Any doubt that the NBC Symphony is one of the great ensembles of the day would be brushed aside by the overwhelming power and tight-ranked discipline of this playing which, in its full-fidelity reproduction, gives back more of the aura of an actual Toscanini performance than virtually any we have had till now. Some will find the famous "Largo" a little austere and fine-lined by comparison with such a travesty on its meaning as the William Arms Fisher adaptation called "Goin' Home," but let it be considered which interpreter errs on the side of virtue before the judgment is made final. This may not be, exactly, the symphony Dvorak wrote, but I certainly believe it is the work he wished he wrote.

Dvorak—"territorial expanse."

O Foster! O Jenkins!

MOZART: *"Queen of the Night" aria, etc. Florence Foster Jenkins, soprano (?), with piano by Cosme McMoon.* (RCA Victor LRT 7000, $2.98.)

AS REGRETFULLY as we bury the private joke enjoyed by those who were sufficiently forehanded to provide themselves with adequate samples of the repertory of the late Florence Foster Jenkins when they circulated on the Melotone label, we hail with enthusiasm the opportunity thus provided by RCA for a wider public to enjoy the invigorating activities of this "rare bird, thou never wert." It is an infinite gift to sing as well as a Flagstad; it is hardly less an accomplishment to sing as badly as a Jenkins.

Even those who have not heard her excruciating travesties of the "Bell Song" from "Lakmé" or David's "Charmant Oiseau" or the "Laughing Song" from "Fledermaus" must know by now that the late Mme. Jenkins (whose career culminated with a recital in Carnegie Hall in October 1944 which drew more than $6,000 in the box office) was no fool when it came to capitalizing on her irrepressible urge. Whether on this occasion or on the earlier ones when she appeared in the ballroom of a glittering New York hotel, she exacted a *quid pro quo* from all who came to be amused.

Basically, as these sides made privately and now gathered into a joyous roundelay by RCA prove, Mme. Jenkins was as serious in her intentions as a Patti or a Pons. The only difference was she couldn't do what she had her heart set on; but that didn't prevent her from wanting to, the worst way possible. Which is completely demonstrated here.

Francis Robinson, assistant manager of the Metropolitan and a connoisseur of the Jenkins career, has written a delightful footnote to her career, as embellishing commentary. He might have added some pertinent hints to the most advantageous usage of the material, especially for unwary guests. In a revision of the usual formula, we might suggest something previously that has been shaken well before using, and a clean deadpan preparation. In such circumstance, they can hardly fail of their effect. The recording may be described as a new high in low fidelity.

Milstein plus Steinberg

MENDELSSOHN: *Concerto in E minor;* BRUCH: *Concerto in G minor. Nathan Milstein, violin, with William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.* (Capitol P-8243, $5.70.)

THE problem in evaluation here—once the two works have been heard—is the rather happy one of determining which of the two excellent performances is the better. On reflection, I would have to say that Milstein and Steinberg earn one's best regard for their services on behalf of Bruch, who is more often misrepresented than Mendelssohn. This is finely felt, truly re-created music, in which no excess is added to the frankly emotional nature of the composer himself, and nothing is denied him of his musical due.

One of the rewarding aspects of a decidedly unusual record is the community of musical idea shared by the two interpreters, with no deference to eminence or importance on either side. Milstein's violinistic art is, of course, the animating impulse, but Steinberg keeps step with him every measure of the way with truly symphonic performances of the orchestral scores. There are some moments in the finale of the Bruch where the orchestral energy piles up dangerously, but better that, certainly, than a lack of it.

Taken together with the miscellaneous record noted on page 52, Milstein's transfer to Capitol seems to accord with a new vitality and breadth of feeling in his performances. He has been a superb technician and a musician of integrity since his first days

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here in the late Twenties. To be able, now, to convey so much more in warmth and artistry in works he has lived with so long can only mean two things: the possibilities for exploration they contain, and the capacities for growth he has discovered within himself.

Lieder by Warfield

BRAHMS: *"Vier ernste Gesänge"*; SCHUMANN: *"Liederkreis." William Warfield, baritone, with Otto Herz, piano.* (Columbia ML 4860, $5.95.)

WILLIAM WARFIELD is a fine and authoritative singer, but it strikes me he has moved too far too fast in putting himself on record in matter of this moment at the present point of his development. The Brahms songs, which almost demand a voice of his weight, fare better than the "Liederkreis," which calls for almost every kind and mood of singing in its dozen sections. In such a sustained song as "Im Walde" or "Wehmut," Warfield makes an artistic if rather unconvincing unity of what he is doing; in others of swifter motion, such as "Waldesgespräch" or "Frühlingsnacht," the ponderous movement of the produced sound hardly accords with the needs of the music.

Even in the Brahms songs, with their decided darkness of mood, Warfield is too often guilty of any artist's least forgivable failing: dulness. This is compounded equally of a keenly artistic approach to the material with which he is dealing and a rather overstated concern for enunciation, word values, etc. In consequence, the performances sound studied rather than spontaneous, and the true pleasure in singing is rarely provided. The simple fact is, of course, that Warfield is challenging great standards in such an endeavor as this, and one does not become a Kipnis or a Schorr or a Hüsch through good intentions alone.

Scherchen's "Messiah"

HANDEL: *"Messiah." Hermann Scherchen conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, the Philharmonic Choir, and Margaret Ritchie, soprano, Constance Shacklock, alto, William Herbert, tenor, and Richard Standen, bass.* (Westminster WAL 308, $17.85.)

THIS conception differs so radically from those to which we have, willy-nilly, become accustomed that a complete evaluation of its justice as well as its appropriateness may be a little while in coming. It embodies some admirable objectives, mainly concerned with Hermann Scherchen's revaluation of dynamics and tonal masses in terms of the microphone rather than the vast halls into which "Messiah" performances have been projected from time almost immemorial by equally vast musical forces.

From this aspect it is a rather remarkable intellectual feat and a considerable artistic one. The orchestra is on the chamber scale, and the chorus is also limited in numbers. In both instances, however, the mere matter of numbers is not decisive; rather it is the agility and the weight of the musical sounds they produce which are influential. In some fast tempi and at the bigger climaxes of "Unto Us a Child Is Born" or "All We Like Sheep" the problem gets beyond the personnel involved, so that one wishes, involuntarily, for a great big climax on "Wonderful," for example, when one reasonably within the framework of this dynamic scale would suffice.

On the whole, Scherchen prefers to make his fast tempi faster than customary, and his slow ones slower. An exception is the "Pastoral Symphony," which is accelerated considerably—and not, in my opinion, advantageously. When it gets to be a matter of tonal draughtsmanship, the picture has to be right before the frame can be appropriate.

This venture is presented as the "original Dublin version," and it may well be; but let us not venerate "authenticity" at the expense of good sense. Mozart made some highly suitable additions to the text, as did other editors. This version differs in many points of more than casual importance with the recent authoritative one of Coppersmith, and some obvious discrepancies should be consolidated in a completely dependable score. It is hard to understand, for example, why the alto should sing "Who shall abide the day of his coming?" which is usually assigned to the bass—and, in the context of the words, more appropriately so.

Scherchen's high standards in execution are generally respected by the soloists, though their work, allowing for variations in vocal quality, is severely impersonal, in the English tradition. The tenor, Herbert, is perhaps the most accomplished, and the bass, Standen, next good. Miss Ritchie, who has done some notable work on other recordings, is variable—some of her unsolved problems being closely related to Scherchen's choice of impossibly fast tempi. Miss Shacklock is mostly acceptable, but not more than moderately expressive. Save for a lapse in "Then shall the eyes" (in which the soprano seems to stray from the microphone) the sound is beautifully proportioned and always in balance. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Scherchen conducting, with William Herbert, tenor—"a considerable artistic [feat]."

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Balakirev: "Tamar." Anatole Fistoulari conducting the London Symphony Orch. M-G-M E-3076, $4.85.	A remarkable score, not only for its inherent color and imagery, but also for its foreshadowing of "Russianisms" more familiar in later works of Rimsky, Borodin, etc. With it are the Overture, two Intermezzi, and "Royal Hunt and Storm" from Rimsky's "Ivan the Terrible." Both are sumptuously reproduced in decidedly vital performances.
Brahms: Concerto No. 1. Rudolf Serkin, piano, with George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia ML 4829, $5.95.	Stronger-sounding statement of the Serkin ideas on this knotty work as previously expounded in a version with Reiner and the Pittsburgh Orchestra. Szell is in full command of the orchestral detail in a collaboration that has virtually every virtue but spontaneity. That is to say, it renders unto Brahms every sober measure of justice but without much poetic coloration. Generally excellent balance in the recording, and fine piano sound.
Britten: "Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra." Eduard van Beinum and the Concertgebouw Orchestra. London LL 917, $5.95.	As this work was written to demonstrate the orchestra, it demonstrates equally the engineer's capacity to record the orchestra effectively, an opportunity which London's A.A.'s (Alchemists Anonymous) have not flubbed. Van Beinum's sensitive hand does much for Britten here and in the overside Interludes from "Peter Grimes." The latter have faded somewhat, but Van Beinum performs them admirably.
Grieg: "Lyric Suite," Opus 54. Eric Tuxen conducting the Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra. London LS 849, $4.95.	"Shepherd Boy" and "March of the Dwarfs" are both well-known in their original piano form, but Tuxen's treatment makes the whole of the work a delight, especially the warmly expressive "Nocturne." It is hard to imagine a more idiomatic presentation, or a better sounding one. With it is a "Danish Rhapsody" by Emil Reesen, with the composer conducting. It is an intermittently interesting, but not too strong, piece.
Haydn: Symphonies No. 53 and 67. Paul Sacher conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. Epic LC 3038, $5.95.	Sacher, of course, is the well-known conductor of Basle who has brought into being some of the notable works of the last decade. Here he shows a keen appreciation of the niceties in Haydn's "Imperial" (known from the Stokowski version on RCA Victor LM 1703) and the F major, No. 67, a chugging work in the manner of the "Farewell." Both are broadly recorded, with ample detail.
Ibert: "Divertissement." Roger Désormière conducting the Conservatoire orchestra. London LL 884, $5.95.	Some saucy excerpts from a score written by Ibert for a play, "Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie," which turns out to be a more than distant cousin of Walton's later "Façade" music. It is played with crisp authority and eminently pertinent spirit under Désormière's enlivening baton. With it is the excellent "Sylphides" formerly offered on a ten-inch LP. (Both antedate his illness of more than a year ago, from which he is yet to recover.)
Ippolitov-Ivanov: "Caucasian Sketches." Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia ML 4815, $5.95.	The Mitropoulos treatment of the Ippolitov-Ivanov jollities and the lively patterns of Borodin's "Prince Igor" dances is tonally dry, lacking the lightness and fantasy wanted in music of this pleasure content. However, "In the Steppes of Central Asia" is beautifully played by the orchestra's wind virtuosi. Very clean recording, but on the chilly side where vibrance is concerned.
Korngold: Concerto in D. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with Alfred Wallenstein conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic. RCA Victor LM 1782, $5.72.	Proselytize as he will, Heifetz cannot make this work any more than a somewhat sticky collection of melodic formulae much below the composer's own best standard. The playing is first class, and Wallenstein does his share with skill. The overside "Symphonie Espagnole" is the one previously offered on 78-rpm as well as a ten-inch LP, and fairly dazzles with its exuberant power. William Steinberg's conducting is a good augury, too, of the things he has since done on records. Rather coarse sound on this side, with Heifetz right at the mike.
Mozart: Concertos No. 20 (D minor) and No. 23 (A major). Marcelle Meyer, piano, with Hewitt ensemble. Haydn Society HSL 88, $5.95.	As is known from her previous recordings, Meyer is a calm, methodical, somewhat impersonal player who delivers the note values in these works (two of Mozart's greatest) accurately, but with little personalized accent. No conductor is specified, and a kind of anonymity pervades the sound, which is rather blatantly reproduced. The balance favors the piano.
Sibelius: "Lemminkäinen Legends." Thomas Jensen conducting the Danish State Radio Orchestra. London LL 843, $5.95.	Jensen's ensemble can hardly compare with the Philadelphia, with which Ormandy has recorded this music, but he has a strong feeling for the stylistic elements of the score. It is also a rather remarkable example of recording definition—high strings pianissimo, the English horn in "Swan of Tuonela," brass chords, etc.
Schumann: Concerto in A minor. Clara Haskil, piano with Willem van Otterloo conducting the Hague Philharmonic. Epic LC 3020, $5.95.	Musicianly, fluent playing by Miss Haskil, who should be honored with a full disc to herself rather than sharing the second side with Cor de Groot, who plays the E flat Concerto of Liszt in muscular style. Otterloo's orchestra plays capably in both instances, and his direction is suitable to the varied talents involved.
Strauss: "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel." Eugen Jochum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra. Epic LC 3032, $5.95.	"Playing to the microphone" may, in time, come to have the same meaning in recording as "playing to the gallery" does in live performance. If so, such instances as these of Epic's penchant for louder than loud chords and bigger than better climaxes will contribute to it. As bonus in the decibel department, the aural assault includes "Les Preludes" with Otterloo and his Haguemen.
Tchaikovsky: "Variations on a Rococo Theme." Maurice Gendron, cello, with the Suisse Romande Orchestra directed by Ernest Ansermet. London LL 947, $5.95.	Gendron is a sound cellist with a supple tone who has managed a feat in getting into the LP catalogue first with this engaging work. However, proper self-criticism might have corrected several false notes and repeatedly muddy intonation, which hardly are expectable in an Ansermet collaboration. The Schumann Cello Concerto on the reverse is more accurate, but Ansermet's part is rather perfunctorily done. Good but not exceptional reproduction.
Tchaikovsky: "The Swan Lake." Robert Irving conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Bluebird LBC 1064, $2.98.	As conductor of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, Irving has directed this music more times, no doubt, than he can remember. Here, however, he utilizes the virtuoso orchestra to the end of a performance decidedly brighter and more spirited than he has accustomed us to. As to the price, it is a poor index to the quality of a recording in the best English style—which means as good as the best of RCA's domestic production, and better than most of it. —Irving Kolodin.

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The Joys of Jazz

Continued from page 43

classic versatility and charm. Together with his brother Sidney on the trumpet, he has the outstanding clarinet of Omer Simeon (Jelly Roll Morton's favorite performer on this instrument) and the rhythm section of Don Kirkpatrick, piano; Eddie Gibbs, banjo; and Zutie Singleton, drums. De Paris has the audacity to play, and get away with, Ketelbey's old foolishment, "In a Persian Market" (one wonders when Wilbur will get around to "A Night in a Clock Store"). This is a musicianly crew, and when Simeon and Gibbs indulge in a little clarinet and banjo duet there is suggested a whole range of quietly seductive effects which jazz music all too customarily ignores.

I BEGAN with pedagogy and will end with archaeology. Turk Murphy's California crew of diggers have devoted their high spirits and historical sense to a dozen more classics, from "Tishomingo Blues" to "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?" (Columbia CL546). The greatest versions of the latter seem to me to be those of Jimmy Durante and Kid Ory, previously mentioned in this department. But, with a large assist from Columbia's record editor, George Avakian, Turk Murphy is able to offer a premium with his rendering of the song. This is a jacket comment on the relation of Bill Bailey to George Bernard Shaw, and I cannot forbear to close on this redolent literary note. It appears that in 1905, in honor of his actor friend Cyril Maude, GBS wrote a one-act tragedy entitled "Passion, Poison, and Petrifaction, or the Fatal Gazogene." Mr. Avakian has gathered that the term gazogene means loving-cup.

In the course of the play a certain Lady Magnesia Fitztollemache is enravished by an angelic choir singing "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?" This minstrel song, written by Hughie Cannon in 1902, evokes the image of a repentant wife and was introduced by John Queen of the Town Topics Minstrel Show. The song does not seem to have particularly impressed GBS, for he eventually wrote: "As the 'Bill Bailey' song has not proved immortal, any equally appropriate ditty of the moment may be substituted." How wrong could GBS be? One prefers to remember Jimmy Durante's remark to Eddie Jackson as they mercilessly plug the number: "If Bailey ain't on his way home by now, it's not our fault."

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Quartet in F, Opus 59, No. 1. Vegh Quartet. Haydn Society HSQ 41, $5.95.	Musically alert but tonally unrewarding performance, with some questionable accents induced by the zeal of the players to get everything out of the music. As in the instance of a previous issue in this series, the microphoning is appropriate for balance and realism, but stresses the quartet's thin sound.
Brahms: Quintet in B minor. Alfred Boskovsky, clarinet, with Willi Boskovsky, violin, etc. London LL 858, $5.95.	Something of an inversion of the values in the foregoing, with all the tonal quality wanted, but a rather lethargic treatment of the musical elements involved. Boskovsky handles his instrument well, but one would have something more rhapsodic and warmblooded from the Viennese in music of this character.
Bridgewater: Shakespeare songs. Murray Dickie, tenor, with orchestra conducted by Leslie Bridgewater. Westminster WL 4010, $5.95.	An enterprise almost painfully British, with Murray Dickie's light but unattractive voice an almost perfect counterpart for Bridgewater's rather machine-made settings of virtually all the lyric interpolations in the great plays. One or two are quite charming, but it seems to me I have heard superior settings of "Who Is Sylvia?" and "Hark, Hark the Lark." The orchestration is excessive, the reproduction infested by overvibrant (also overactive) tympani.
Debussy: "Suite Bergamasque." Friedrich Gulda, piano. London LL 754, $5.95.	Admirable evidence of versatility on the part of Gulda, who is best known for his Beethoven and Mozart playing. However, it is difficult to go beyond that compliment, for the specialists in this music have habituated us to asking more in nuance, tonal contrast, and color than Gulda provides, especially in the Ravel "Gaspard de la Nuit" on side two.
Donizetti: "Una furtiva lagrima," etc. Cesare Valletti, tenor, with orchestra conducted anonymously. Cetra A 50154, $5.95.	Graeful but rather too uniform-sounding versions by the Met's new *tenore di grazia* of excerpts from "Figlia dal Reggimento" and "Don Pasquale" as well as the duet "Quanto è bella" from the first act of "Elisir d'Amore." These are excerpts from complete operas previously issued by Cetra and include Sesto Bruscantini, baritone, and Aldo Noni, soprano, in the ensembles.
Handel: "Art thou troubled?," etc. Kathleen Ferrier, alto, with Boyd Neel and Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting. London LD 9066, $2.95.	More of the pre-LP literature of the late Ferrier, transcribed with excellent sound and a full sampling of her uncommon spirit and musicianship. I can't say I care for the English-text version of "Che farò" from "Orfeo," but she sings "Rest in the Lord" ("Elijah") with remarkable poise and "Ombra mai fu" ("Serses") with an endearing simplicity.
Mussorgsky: "Songs and Dances of Death." Heinz Rehfuss, baritone, with Hans Willi Haeusslin, piano. London LD 9070, $2.95.	There is no question that a French text changes the coloration of these songs, but Rehfuss (a French Swiss despite the Germanic suggestion of his name) sings it so intelligently and with such command of the musical material as to make a rousing effect nevertheless. Haeusslin's piano playing is an asset.
Mussorgsky: "I Have Attained the Highest Power." Rafael Arie, basso, with orchestra conducted by Alberto Erede. London LD 9073, $2.95.	Unlike the foregoing, Arie sings in Russian, with the singular affinity for the role of Boris which has marked his previous records. However, here he sounds to be straining for an effect which coarsens the sound of the voice, especially at the top. He is more free, and artistically superior, in "The Town of Kazan" which shares side two with "I am he whom you called" from Rubinstein's "The Demon." Decidedly good recording.
Pergolesi: Sonata No. 12, etc. Nathan Milstein, violin, with Carlo Bussotti, piano. Capitol P 8259, $5.70.	Some of the best playing I have heard Milstein do, not only in the lively Pergolesi work, but also in an Intermezzo by Schumann and an Allegro by Brahms (which they wrote as part of a sonata honoring Joachim), the Suk "Burlesca," Bloch's "Nigun," and his own "Paganiniana." Bussotti is a real collaborator, the recording outstanding.
Puccini: "Nessun dorma" ("Turandot"). B. Gigli, tenor, plus nine other arias sung by various singers. RCA Victor LCT 1138, $5.72.	Gigli's is the last in a sequence of ten brilliant vocal *tours de force* which begins with Caruso's version of "Donna non vidi" ("Manon Lescaut") and touches such other matters as McCormack's "O Sleep! Why dost thou leave me?" Ponselle's "Casta diva," Schipa's "Ecco riddente," Tibbett's "Credo" (from "Otello"), and the De Luca-Gigli "Enzo Grimaldo" ("Gioconda"). I cannot see Bori's "Connais-tu le pays" or J. C. Thomas's "Largo al factotum" (a singularly tasteless affair) on this level of art, nor—for that matter—the tent-like title, "Ten Unforgotten Stars," as a sound cover-all.
Schubert: Rondo in A. Anton Kamper, solo violin, with the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet. Westminster WL 5223, $5.95.	An attractive oddity from Schubert's nineteenth year which might have a place in the concert repertory were it to be amplified for orchestra in the manner of Cassadò's treatment of the "Arpeggione" Sonata. Its fine tunes and lively spirits are happily accounted for in the excellent Kamper's idiomatic performance. He is also the leader of a group which plays a Schubert string trio and a single trio movement (both in B flat) with sympathy and style, thus rounding out a record unusual both in content and value. First-class sound.
Schubert: Sonata in G, Opus 78. Henry Jolles, piano. Haydn Society HSL 81, $5.95.	Jolles unquestionably knows his Schubert, but his taste in dynamics and coloration strike me as needlessly ascetic for music of this warmth and fantasy. Perhaps the atmosphere of reverie would suit such a work as the B flat (posthumous) Sonata, but this one requires rather more energetic treatment than Jolles provides. With it are three piano pieces published after Schubert's death. Acceptable recording.
Schumann: "Lied eines Schmiedes," and other songs. Marjorie Schloss, soprano, with Jonathan Brice, piano. IRCC L-7000, $5.95.	Quavery unsupported tones and a lack of vocal contrast are dominant qualities of this disc, which unfortunately offset the attractions of a varied list of songs by Franz, Wolf, and Richard Strauss, as well as Schumann. It is on behalf of those who might be tempted by the repertory that we report Miss Schloss's efforts to be well-meaning but hardly of the quality associated with perpetuation on a recording. Jonathan Brice is the capable pianist, and the technical detail of the recording is well supervised.
Verdi: "Aida" ("Nile Scene"). Renata Tebaldi, Mario del Monaco, etc. Alberto Erede conducting. London LD 9055, $2.95.	An excerpt from London's full-length "Aida," notable for the dramatic fire of Tebaldi's delivery and an occasional subtle phrase from Del Monaco to offset others mainly strained. Aldo Protti gives a good burly portrayal of Amonasro, though the voice has a rough texture here which fails of maximum effect in some of the superb music Verdi wrote for the character. Fine sound. —I. K.

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Major Armstrong

Continued from page 44

end of the world for us. We both felt that the lights were going out all over the world for the last time, and talked most of the day in a mood of the deepest gloom. In addition, we both suffered a sharp financial blow. Armstrong had built up the use of frequency modulation in the United States to a critical commercial stage. He accurately forecast what came to pass: that the dislocation of a war would interrupt the progress of frequency modulation in broadcasting, though he did not then visualize its enormous military usage. I saw also that our projected Canadian partnership was inexorably doomed before birth.

ARMSTRONG'S death is a great loss to the world, as is the decay or death of every great talent, but it was in many ways not premature. His first invention was made when he was twenty-six, and his three great contributions to the old subject of frequency modulation were probably conceived more than twenty years ago. In the following years he became a fabulous figure in the engineering world, an elder statesman of electronics, the spearhead of a great technical revolution in communications, but not a greater inventor. To those of us who move along our little paths in the unbelievably complex maze of electronic technology, who have made our little inventions, who have worked over the years with hundreds of fine brains engaged in communications research and development, this is a familiar pattern of creative power. Of the thirty-five thousand men who attended the meetings of the Institute of Radio Engineers in New York City last month perhaps there is one Armstrong among them; two are more than we can reasonably hope for. But neither they nor their so keen and so well-trained colleagues are likely to make major discoveries before twenty-six or after forty-two. These are the biological facts of invention.

It was once my ambition to write, or have written, an adequate biography of Major Armstrong. This plan he always treated lightly and it was lost in the years, and now all his powerful patents have expired and his inventions will be used by the world without reference to Armstrong's genius. This has then been written in the hope that posterity will see him, not as an unreal victim of his times, but rather vast as did his fellow workers.

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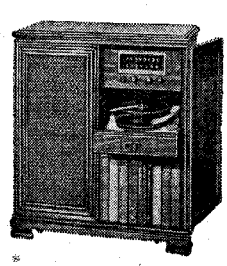

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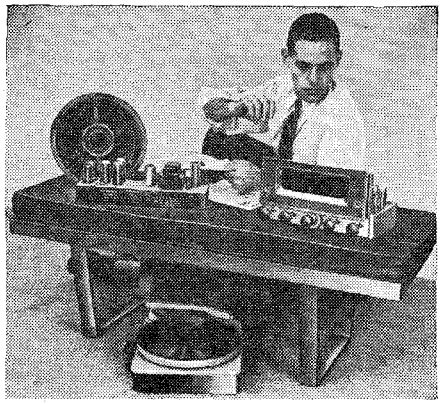

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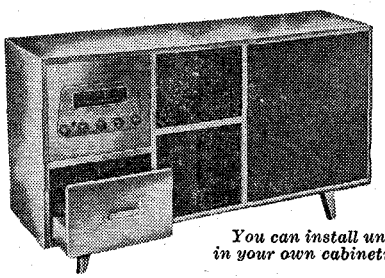

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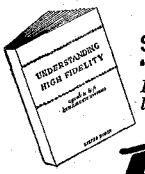

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"Pique Dame" and "Sadko"

By ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN

THERE is one sure and simple test for the success of an operatic score, regardless of its period or style. If the composer makes you forget the idiocies of his libretto, he has done his work well; if he underlines them, he has failed.

To be sure, there are a few librettos, like that of "Boris Godounoff," which are not idiotic, but these are exceedingly rare. Neither Tchaikovsky's "Queen of Spades" nor Rimsky-Korsakov's "Sadko" employs a book approaching the one of Mussorgsky's masterpiece, but as revealed in new Russian recordings issued by Concert Hall Society "The Queen of Spades" stands up magnificently while "Sadko" emerges as a weak, spotty piece of music tacked to an absurd, garish drama that may come to life on the stage but seems childish in one's living room.

However, another factor enters into this contrast. Although both operas were recorded by members of the staff of the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow, their casts have only one important member in common—a first-rate tenor named Georgi Nelepp. The rest of the cast for "The Queen of Spades" is up to his level, but as much cannot be said for "Sadko," and try as one may to separate the composition from the performance, one is bound to be favorably influenced by a good interpretation and unfavorably influenced by a bad one.

Be that as it may, "The Queen of Spades" (Concert Hall Society CHS 1305, $17.85) provides a rather exceptional pleasure—that of hearing a familiar great-master style in an unfamiliar context. Of course, there are those who do not consider Tchaikovsky a great master, but if you regard that composer's last two symphonies, between which "The Queen of Spades" was written, as works of significance and quality, you will regard this opera in the same light.

The libretto, by Modeste Tchaikovsky after Pushkin, has to do with a soldier, Herman, who loves a girl named Lisa and takes her away from a prince to whom she is engaged. Lisa's aged aunt has a secret formula for winning card games. Herman tries to worm it out of her, but only shocks her into her death. Then the ghost of the aged countess reveals the secret; meanwhile Lisa, believing that Herman has murdered her aunt, kills herself. In the final scene Herman gambles with the prince, his rival. The countess's formula works until the final card, when the Queen of Spades appears instead of the expected ace, and Herman commits suicide.

All this, as suggested above, is set to music with the kind of dramatic power one finds in Tchaikovsky's best symphonic achievements. The drama is shrewdly relieved by many devices, including a kind of ballet in Tchaikovsky's best rococo style, and there are things in the score one does not expect of Tchaikovsky at all, notably

—Sovfoto.

"Sadko," Act IV, at the Bolshoi Theatre—"immensely spectacular."

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a reminiscent monologue for the old countess that predicts the Marschallin in "Rosenkavalier." The hectic sense of dislocation and incipient madness which was a Russian convention of the time (see Dostoievsky's Gambler" and Mussorgsky's "Sunless") is marvelously expressed. The opera, in short, falls somewhere between "Traviata" and "Wozzeck"; it has characteristics in common with both, but it has a very strong profile of its own.

THE libretto of "Sadko" (Concert Hall Society CHS 1307, $17.85) is by Rimsky-Korsakov himself. Quite a few strands of Russian history and legendary lore are woven together to create this story of the minstrel Sadko who defies the princely traders of medieval Novgorod, tries to sail to Venice at the head of a fleet on Lake Ilmen, is called into the depths by the King of the Sea, and is about to be married to the king's lovely daughter when he is rescued by a ghostly pilgrim and restored to his wife, while the sea-king's daughter is transformed into a river.

The plot is full of loose ends, inconsistent characterization, and downright silliness, but its seven scenes could be immensely spectacular. The music contains a little of the "oriental" Rimsky-Korsakov and a great deal of the Russian Rimsky-Korsakov who knew the folk song of his native country as did no one else in his time.

Here and there in the score of "Sadko" one finds arias printed with their titles in special type, with the composer's name at the upper right above the music, and with the customary warning about restricted rights at the upper left. These, it is clear, were expected to be the hits of the opera, and the publisher laid them out in that way so that he could print them separately without making new plates. One aria which is not treated in that fashion, and was therefore not expected to be a hit, bears the title "Chanson Indoue."

Both recordings are far superior to the usual run of Russian discs. The artists of the Bolshoi Theatre are not well known here and are not likely to be, but it might be added that "The Queen of Spades" is conducted by A. Melik-Pasheyev and that its leading singers, in addition to Nelepp as Herman, are E. Smolenskaya as Lisa and E. Verbitzkaya as the countess. "Sadko" is directed by Nikolai Golovanov. Nelepp is Sadko. The women, Elizaveta Shumskaya and Elizaveta Antonova, are very mediocre, but some of the minor artists, especially Pavel Lizeetzian as the Venetian trader and Ivan Kozlovsky as the Hindu trader who sings you-know-what are quite good.

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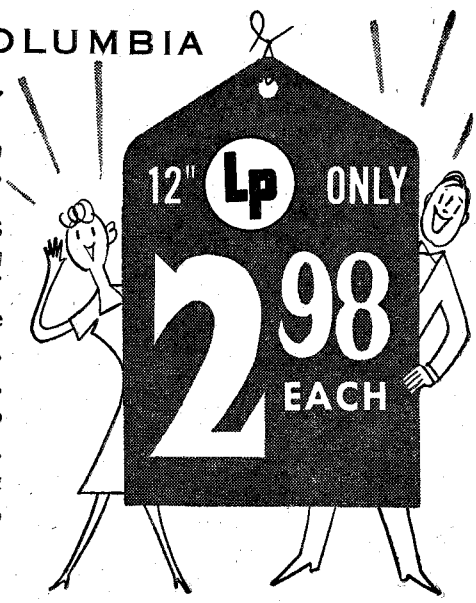

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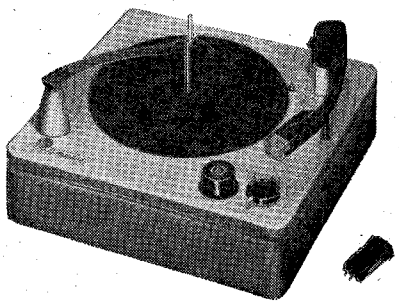

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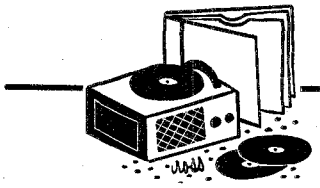

SPOTLIGHT ON THE MODERNS

Berg, Schoenberg, and Krasner

IN THE comparisons that will inevitably be made between the Berg and Schoenberg violin concertos, now coupled on one LP (Columbia ML 4857, $5.95), it is easy to predict these days that the criterion of intellectuality will be a prime consideration and that Berg will emerge favorably as the "less intellectual." But I wonder if the unwarranted intellectual processes so often attributed now to the contemporary composer are not really, in many cases, in the mind of the listener—the calculated effort, namely, that we must exert in any new and challenging situation, whether it is the apartment we have just rented, the new route we take to drive to the country, or the strange language in which we order dinner abroad. Berg's music a couple of decades ago was still being described as "brainspun," and if its emotional appeal now seems thoroughly patent it is because, to start with, its moods were not particularly elusive—pervasive languor and desolateness gently fluctuating—and it is also because we no longer need exert ourselves much to grasp the idiom in which they are embodied.

If Schoenberg's concerto has its faults it is not necessarily because it is cerebral. It is, perhaps, long for its content. But this may be precisely because he failed to use reason as a check upon feelings so abundant and intense that they overflowed the bounds of judicious form. Thus, instead of the impact of a well-unified structure, we carry away the memory of some lucid and imaginative scoring and of the tenuous quality of such passages as the approach to the first cadenza and the Mahleresque opening of the andante. Few details of the Berg are of such rarefied beauty. Nor does Berg's conception, for all the clarity of organization, seem any less pat and improvisatory after long acquaintance with the 78-rpm recording (from which this LP version was made) than when it was first heard. For his thematic connections are so deliberate as to verge on the schematic. This literalness, to be sure, renders it a fine introduction to twelve-tone music for those who have had little experience with the genre. For others, however, the Schoenberg is more attractive at the moment, not only because of the fascinating resistance its complexity imposes upon attention, but also because, virtually unknown to concert audiences and recorded here for the first time, it opens up adventurous new territory for exploration.

The concertos were written within about a year of one another in the mid-Thirties. In Berg's case, the concerto turned out to be what we have come to regard as his own requiem. For Schoenberg, the period of his violin concerto represents a point in his career when his twelve-tone technique crystallized. Indeed, his style during these years achieved a stage of advancement at which it was even a bit of a surprise to find in his music anything so symmetrical and so singularly recognizable in its returns as the theme of the rondo finale. Other patterns and relations in this work are more difficult for the ear to grasp. But the prominence of the half-step in the rondo theme affords at least one clue to the motive structure of the total work.

Louis Krasner, soloist in both concertos, is one of the truly admirable musical missionaries of our time. His efforts to master the Berg some twenty years ago for this recording under Rodzinski's direction seem elementary next to the incredible labors that must have gone into the preparation of the almost insuperable solo part of the Schoenberg. For all this, and despite the painstaking assistance of Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, it is not quite a finished performance that the Schoenberg receives. Krasner does not have a virtuoso's finesse. Also, works of this difficulty must be in the repertory for a while before the appropriate manner for playing them is evolved—for the ideal reading is a composite of many individual readings, and the premium now placed on rehearsal time is such that orchestras do not learn the music until they have played a work repeatedly in concert. Thus, this music is more limpid and quiet than it often sounds here, and in estimating it we should bear this in mind.

THE Philadelphia Orchestra's performance of Hindemith's "Concert Music for Strings and Brass" is an impressive tour de force (Columbia ML 4816, $5.95). The same composer's "Mathis der Maler" Symphony on the reverse side is featured on the sleeve,

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since of the two it is the more established piece. But for those who are abreast of current musical trends the "Concert Music" comes as the more significant event. It is not often that the virtuosity of this score is so completely matched by the virtuosity of an orchestra. What a pleasure to hear the heavy tuba sing sweetly and the separate choirs of strings and brass respond with such discipline! Hearing the "Concert Music" played in this fashion under Ormandy's direction I am fortified in my feeling that it may well turn out to be Hindemith's masterpiece when the final reckoning of this composer's complete works is made.

Some will find the fugue played a little too fast—for bravura effect rather than for clear delineation of the counterpoint. But this erring on the side of velocity is far preferable to the sluggishness of the earlier LP version, which sounds quite pathetic by comparison. It may conceivably be that if the recording, acoustically, had been a shade less vibrant (without sacrifice of liveness) Ormandy's tempo might have come through better. As it is, there are many compensations. The little swells in the fugal entrances are very effective, and the general momentum is quite exciting.

A MOST uncommon degree of taste, imagination, and musical inquisitiveness went into the assemblage of the twentieth-century music in which Gold and Fizdale are heard in an album of three LP's (Columbia SL-198, $17.85). On the first of the discs (which are also available individually) this remarkable two-piano team gives a stunning performance of Stravinsky's exacting Concerto for Two Solo Pianos. The pacing is faster than that to which we have been accustomed. But the composer has, it seems, approved it. By virtue of this approach, the figurations create a murmur against which the more important musical elements stand in relief, substantially clarifying the continuity and counterpoint. On the reverse side are Hindemith's Sonata for one piano, four hands (a more judicious choice than this composer's two-piano Sonata), and Rieti's bright "Suite Champètre." French music of distinction by Debussy, Satie, and Milhaud is on the second LP, while the third contains two American works: a sonata by Haieff, one of the most gifted of our younger composers, and Barber's "Souvenirs," an innocuous assortment of deliberately old-fashioned salon music. The playing throughout is of the highest order.

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SOME HIGHS AND LOWS

The Experts and Hi-Fi

IN CASE you're holding your breath waiting for engineering authorities to come up with a satisfactory answer to the mootest of all audio questions ("Just what is 'high fidelity,' anyway?"), you better start looking for a cosy iron lung, available for long-term occupancy on easy terms!

Judging by the latest IRE (Institute of Radio Engineers) convocation, March 22-25 in New York City, the learned doctors—just like ignorant laymen—are still in a state less of disagreement than of confusion. But at least they now concede the problem official recognition. Where audio "papers" once were a rarity, some fifteen were scheduled in 1954, grouped in three full sessions. Assigning the specific subject of "High Fidelity" to two of these speaks well for the program-makers' intentions, if not for their having learned the grim fact of life only too familiar to nonprofessionals—that everything labeled "hi-fi" ain't necessarily so.

That isn't to say, of course, that a dreary flow of information (mostly on specialized circuits and current commercial components) wasn't momentarily enlivened. Col. R. H. Ranger's tart comments on theatre stereophonic techniques made more sense than anything I have heard on this subject since the pioneering Bell Laboratories' studies. Daniel W. Martin impressively illustrated the role reverberation plays in musical tone qualities. And Dr. W. E. Kock "wowed" a supposedly phlegmatic audience with a demonstration of the uncanny "Haas effect." (This refers to Helmut Haas, who wrote a Göttingen University thesis some years ago, formidably entitled "Ueber den Einfluss eines Einfachechos auf die Hörsamkeit von Sprache." This study of "single echoes" proves that when the same sounds are heard at different intervals from two sources, the length of the interval determines whether the delayed sound is perceived as completely merged with the first, or separately as an echo.)

Unfortunately, this "Haas effect" (with which Dr. Kock deluded his listeners into hearing fifteen-inch-speaker sound seemingly come from a cheap two-inch speaker) is likely to be exploitable only in theatre sound-systems. And when practical high-fidelity problems purportedly were tackled in an evening symposium, the panel of experts (Hilliard on microphones, Olson on speakers, Hanson on room acoustics, Hogan on broadcasting, and Volkman on stereophonics) seemed more anxious to hail the advances audio has made to date than to predict the direction—or even acknowledge the need—of further developments.

J. V. L. Hogan, founder of station WQXR, should be exempted from this blanket indictment, but the general attitude was characterized, for me anyway, by Dr. Harry F. Olson's response to what (from the hi-fi point of view) was surely a highly pertinent and provocative question. Significantly, the query came from one of the youngest looking IRE members present and dealt with speaker-power requirements for truly authentic bass-drum reproduction. Even more significantly, it was not directly answered, but parried by (as accurately as I can recall) "Well, we have to draw the line some place . . . The next thing you'll be wanting is the sound of a twelve-inch gun in your living room!"

That got a great laugh, but it was a sour one on my part. Aside from the "1812 Overture," big guns scarcely concern the music listener, but—unless we're to dilute most nineteenth- and twentieth-century symphonic and band music—the big drum certainly does. Of course, a practicable commercial line does have to be drawn, but one would think that by this time engineers, if not manufacturers, had realized the fatal danger of drawing that line too soon and too tight.

"High fidelity" never will be completely defined or standardized in either engineering or commercial terms alone, for it is more than a technique or a product: it is a state of mind! The wise experts may be stumped, but the innocent listening public moves hopefully forward. It's an old story, for Philistines never have been able to comprehend the miracle-working powers of faith and will forever ridicule the irrationality of those who subscribe to the ancient affirmation, *Certam est, quia impossible est*! Perhaps the doubters should be reminded of a more recent expression of the will-to-believe—the justified boast of wartime inventive genius and all-out production: "the impossible just takes a little longer."

—R. D. DARRELL.

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Toscanini's Brahms

PRO CARDUS . . .

MY SINCERE THANKS for your inclusion of Neville Cardus's provocative account of the Toscanini recordings of the Brahms symphonies [*SR* Mar. 27] and a fervent hope that his enlightening views will follow on more things musical. The man, quite evidently, is both a learned musicologist and an observant humanist, to judge from his bramblelike account of the Maestro, focusing the gifted octogenarian in the light of both man and musician.

Mr. Cardus's essay reads like the flow of fresh spring water and his comment that "Toscanini is greater as a formalist than as a poet" is perhaps the most succinct description yet to appear in print concerning the aged I-tal-i-an, another unforgettable gem from Mr. Cardus's copy. The whole thing seems to suggest, and rightly so, that we here in America are too close to the Maestro, sometimes forgetting that "other interpretations" assume just validity in spite of Toscanini's supreme mastery of an orchestral force. To be sure, there are many who "would not live" with anything but a Toscanini reading, be it Berlioz or Brahms, yet basic rationality forces us to gaze beyond such a standpoint. I can respect Munch doing the Brahms Fourth or Monteux doing the Beethoven Fourth, viewpoints that have aroused no small amount of antagonism from many quarters and which compel me to believe that, thank the gods, twenty-three is no age to be considered a purist.

More then, please, from Mr. Cardus, be it on Toscanini, Stokowski, or Ormandy and a few of the Continentals as well. His uncanny conveyance of a language (and subject) that too often falls into the rapidly occurring cliches and "smartness" of contemporary writing is welcome.

JAMES J. GRADY, JR.

Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . AND ANTI

THE EVALUATION of the Toscanini recordings of the four Brahms symphonies by the *SR* was something I had anticipated with some eagerness, remembering the masterful Beethoven essay last year by Ernest Newman. Neville Cardus's companion piece to that is decidedly unworthy of its partner . . .

It is not only that Mr. Cardus is one of those give-and-take critics, seemingly unable to let a "yea be yea," but also that he is an irrelevant and impertinent one. After all, what do Brahms, Toscanini, or I and the other record buyers care about Mr. Cardus's "feelings"? Brahmsian unction, Ixion wheels, vintners, connoisseurs, amateurs and professionals, not to mention Sir William Gilbert, "have nothing to do with the case." One has only to read the subjective nonsense which is offered as an interpretation of the first movement of the C minor Symphony to know that Mr. Cardus is more impressed by his own opinion of the music than by the music itself. Criticism is necessarily subjective, but it is inexcusable when it is this and nothing more.

The review is, of course, unfavorable. Several faint praises are sounded, but no amount of bandying about phrases like "integrity . . . power . . . purposeful rhythm . . ." can efface the impression of supercilious scorn for the man whose Brahms at its best "rings truer to Toscanini than to the music." When that is said, one has said the worst.

Mr. Cardus has something to say about the absence of nightingales in Toscanini's Brahms. After reading his review I am more concerned that the *SR* has introduced a "cuckoo in the nest." . . .

WILLIAM RALSTON, JR.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There are two sides to every question, even including Toscanini's Brahms. As the first letter indicates, the Cardus view expresses an opinion held by more than a casual number of music lovers. And the second speaks for those who find it heretical.*

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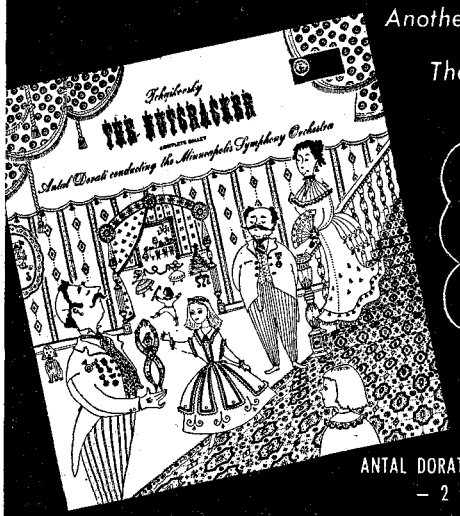

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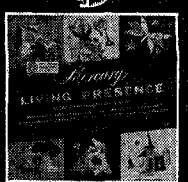

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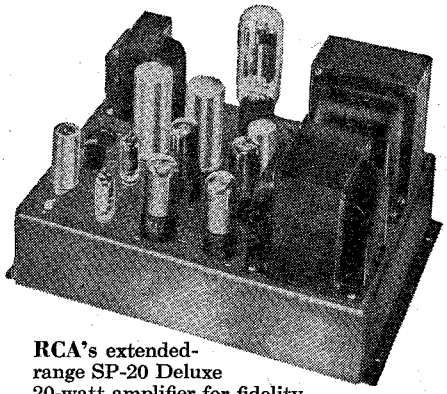

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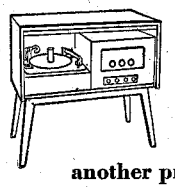

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

THIS month Sir Thomas Beecham celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday and, to mark the occasion, Philips have placed in various suitable journals an advertisement showing a somewhat surprised and incredulous looking Sir Thomas, together with the announcement that "by arrangement with Columbia Records Inc. of New York we shall shortly be issuing recordings of Sir Thomas conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, on the world famous Philips Minigroove 33⅓ Long Playing Records." Since the crucial word in this announcement is "shortly," a somewhat relative term, we are little wiser than before, but we may take it that something will emerge before the onset of autumn. Rumor has it that among Sir Thomas's latest ventures for Philips-Columbia is a new version of Handel's "Messiah." If true, it would be the third time that he has recorded it. Provided he has a better team of soloists than on the last occasion as well as really first-class recording, it could well prove to be the complete answer to our present dilemma.

For April has brought us no fewer than three new recordings of "Messiah," and—as so often—the reviewer wishes that it were possible to take what is best from each and to blend such assets into a single, truly commendable version.

As things are, the intending purchaser first of all has to decide what kind of "Messiah" he wants. If he is a devotee of the massive Victorian tradition of oratorio performances, then he will undoubtedly plump for the new Columbia set directed by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Here, on three discs, we have the kind of "Messiah" that can be heard at the Royal Albert Hall any Christmas or Eastertime, with some small cuts, Mozart's additional orchestration, a full orchestra, and a fine, big choir. As in the case of Sir Malcolm's earlier recording, he conducts the Huddersfield Choral Society and the Liverpool Philharmonic, but of the soloists only the bass, Norman Walker, has repeated his earlier performance (he shows distinct signs of age, moreover). The soprano and tenor, Elsie Morison and Richard Lewis, are much better than their predecessors; alto Marjorie Thomas sings well, thought not as expressively as did Gladys Ripley.

The two other versions both attempt to present an "authentic" performance of the complete score, though neither goes as far as some recent performances we have heard in London in which the arias were embellished with ornaments such as were common usage in Handel's own day. Decca gives us the work in its entirety, using the edition prepared by Julian Herbage "from the original manuscript." Handel's original orchestration is used, including a harpsichord continuo (conspicuous by its absence on Columbia), and Sir Adrian Boult conducts moderate-sized sections of the London Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra. The performance as a whole is smooth and competent, if rather lacking in fervor. The two female soloists, Jennifer Vyvyan and Norma Procter, are very satisfactory, the two men, George Maran and Owen Brannigan, just about adequate. As usual, Decca has refused to sacrifice quality of sound on the "value-for-money" altar and has spread "Messiah" over eight sides. The resultant recording is well-nigh perfect, crystal clear and exquisitely smooth.

The Nixa-Westminster "Messiah," which is directed by Scherchen and which claims to be no less than a "re-creation of the original Dublin performance of 1742," has already reached the United States (see page 49). It is, without doubt, the most interesting and controversial of the three rival versions; Scherchen's dramatic treatment and his many unusual tempi (here and there bordering on the eccentric) ought to stir up quite a debate among our traditionalists. I should have preferred slightly larger forces for the more massive choruses ("Hallelujah," for example, sounds rather undernourished) and the basically superb recording is somewhat marred by "overcrowding" (resulting in pre-echo and end-of-side distortion), but on the whole this is an absorbing experience.

ONE of Decca's most ambitious projects to date has been the integral recording of Vaughan Williams's symphonies. The performances by the London Philharmonic conducted by Sir Adrian Boult took place under the personal supervision of the octogenarian composer and at the end of the Sixth Symphony—probably his masterpiece—we find a short impromptu speech by V.W. thanking

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the performers for their fine work. To listen to these compositions, from the "Sea Symphony" of 1910 to the "Sinfonia Antartica" of 1952, has been a most illuminating task. The composer who emerges is no facile craftsman but a truly creative artist whose horizon has become ever wider over the years and whose music, though deeply rooted in tradition, shows a singular awareness of the troubled and storm-tossed world around him. With the exception of the "Sea Symphony," which takes three sides and to which the Overture and Incidental Music from "The Wasps" are added by way of "fill-up," each symphony is complete on one twelve-inch disc. The "London" and "Pastoral" Symphonies (Nos. 2 and 3) have, of course, been available for some time, while a rival version of the "Antartica" was recently issued by HMV. In its "Antartica" Decca has employed Sir John Gielgud to read the superscription to each movement, concluding with the moving passage from Capt. Scott's diary: "I do not regret the journey; we took risks, we know we took them, things have come out against us, therefore we have no cause for complaint."

Other Decca releases include some vintage Delius—"In a Summer Garden," "Summer Night on the River," and "Paris, The Song of a Great City"—finely played by the London Symphony Orchestra under Anthony Collins and superbly recorded; attractive performances by Zara Nelsova of Cello Concertos by Lalo and Saint-Saëns (No. 1 in A minor); and yet another of those delightful "New Year Concerts" of music by the Strauss family, played by the Vienna Philharmonic under Clemens Krauss (including on this occasion the "Blue Danube" Waltz, the "Annenpolka" and the "Radetzky" March). There is also an enjoyable performance of Brahms's early Trio in B major from the Trio di Trieste, some labored Beethoven from Backhaus (Opus 90, 81a, and 2, No. 1), while Julius Katchen provides further proof of his versatility with Schumann's "Symphonic Studies" and Franck's "Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue."

HAYDN'S Symphony No. 60, "Il Distratto," receives its first recording at the hands of Vittorio Gui and the Glyndebourne Festival Orchestra. It is a strange but most attractive piece, consisting of six movements—largely drawn from incidental music he had written for the play "Le Distrait"—and contains one of the composer's broadest jokes. This delightful performance is coupled with a slightly less distinguished version of Mozart's "Prague" Symphony. Within the last year we have had no fewer than five recordings of Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante, K.364, and the latest of these features Norbert Brainin and Peter Schidlof (of the Amadeus Quartet) together with Harry Blech and the London Mozart Players; it is a fine, athletic performance, coupled with a somewhat untidy "Haffner" Symphony. The whole of the Amadeus Quartet, plus Cecil Aronowitz (viola), can be heard in the C major Quintet, K.515—a deeply felt reading of a wonderful work, whose slow movement, an impassioned duet between violin and viola, strongly recalls the Sinfonia Concertante.

On Columbia, Karajan and the Philharmonia give magnificent performances of two of Sibelius's greatest compositions, the Fourth Symphony and "Tapiola," while a rather odd coupling juxtaposes Dohnányi's amusing "Variations on a Nursery Song" and Mozart's superb Sonata for Two Pianos, K.448. On the latter disc, the "common denominator" is pianist Cyril Smith, who is joined by his wife, Phyllis Sellick, for the Mozart and who has the support of the Philharmonia in the Dohnányi recording.

Lastly, we have a delightful Parlophone disc of music by Bach, *père et fils* (C.P.E.), presented by Karl Haas and the London Baroque Orchestra. The *pièce de résistance* is undoubtedly the charming Concerto for harpsichord and fortepiano by Carl Philipp Emmanuel. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

Kathleen Ferrier

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Bounty from the Baroque

By PAUL HENRY LANG

THERE are few instances in the history of music when a new genre is created overnight, yet there can be no doubt that Bach did just that with his harpsichord concertos, three of which (No. 1 in D minor, No. 4 in A major, and No. 5 in F minor), have been recorded by Finn Viderø, harpsichord, and the orchestra of the Collegium Musicum, Copenhagen, conducted by Lavard Friisholm (Haydn Society HSL 92, $5.95). Violin concertos were to be had by the hundred, but no one had thought of the harpsichord as a *stromento principale*, for the simple reason that it was the mainstay of the continuo and thus an indispensable instrument for the accompaniment. Bach, who was a phenomenal performer, wanted to have an "obbligato" part for himself, and hit upon the idea of transcribing a violin concerto for his own instrument and use. This must have been so successful that he went to work on several others, for it is an indisputable fact that all seven of his harpsichord concertos are transcriptions from other media, chiefly the violin concerto. Take the first one on this recording, the D minor. Bach did not even bother to remove or change the obvious violinistic features of the solo part; he probably needed the piece for some Collegium Musicum performance and was in a hurry. The original design of the violin concerto is so plain that Joseph Szigeti was able to restore the violin version without any difficulty (Columbia ML 4286).

The next logical question is: if these are transcriptions, whose works have been transcribed? No categorical answer can be given. Of the three concertos recorded here, the D minor and the F minor are almost certainly not by Bach. Aside from the stylistic reasons, there is the fact that no trace remains of the originals. Bach himself transcribed for harpsichord both of his known violin concertos, while another of the concertos is a transcription of the F major "Brandenburg," and still another, in E major, comes from an organ composition. Thus four out of the seven are accounted for as Bach's own. It stands to reason that if the D minor and F minor Concertos had been Bach's originals we would have some inkling of this fact. They are more probably other composers' violin concertos which Bach liked and admired sufficiently to transcribe them for his own purposes. And fine works they are. With the appearance of Vivaldi's great concertos, perhaps it has begun to dawn upon us that there were some other giants on the earth when Bach and Handel trod upon it.

The third concerto on this record, in A major, is more likely to be by Bach himself, although even that cannot be stated unequivocally. However, internal evidence shows many genuinely Bachian traits, and the fact that there exist earlier versions of this work tips the scales in his favor.

Whatever the situation, we have here three superb masterpieces superbly performed. Finn Viderø plays with impeccable clarity and style, the ensemble displays accuracy and élan, and the recording is exceptionally clear and well balanced.

FOUR sonatas by Jean-Baptiste Loeillet, a Belgian composer who settled in London where he died in 1728, present flowing, graceful music, predominantly lyric in quality and pleasing to the ear (Oiseau-Lyre OL 50018, $5.95). Still, there is no gainsaying that they also represent the eddies in the great stream of Baroque music. The compositions on these records are workmanlike and mellifluous, and in the slow movements occasionally they leave the ground, but the ideas are meager, the counterpoint perfunctory and—compared to the Baroque masters of the mainstream—short-winded. The professorial sounding ensemble (Georges Ales, violin; Pierre Coddée, cello; Ruggero Gerlin, harpsichord) does not help breathe life into these innocent pieces even though the players perform competently. The recording is excellent.

The four concertinos ascribed to Pergolesi on another Oiseau-Lyre disc (OL 50010, $5.95) could not possibly be the progeny of the amiable Neapolitan master. The counterpoint is much too elaborate and vigorous for the author of the famous "Stabat Mater," and the melodies tend to the large vaulted line rather than to the delightfully capricious "chopped" tunes of the man who stands at the threshold of the *opera buffa* and the pre-classic idiom. Pergolesi was so popular that reams of scores have

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been put in circulation under his name: operas—such as the ever popular "Maestro di Musica"—sonatas, concertos, and all manner of other works. Even the modern editors of the very uncritical "Critical Edition of the Complete Works of Pergolesi" are more than generous in their attributions.

The frail youth who entered the conservatory at the age of sixteen only to die ten years later would have had to work day and night to supply his credulous editors. No, these works are not by the charming poet of melancholy song and of sparkling dainty comedy but by a robust Baroque composer. Whoever he was, there can be no doubt that we are dealing with a top-notch musician, and the works, excellently performed by a chamber orchestra under the direction of Pierre Colombo, are a sheer delight to hear. The texture is rich because the composer uses four violin parts instead of the customary two, a scoring which is reminiscent of Geminiani. The first "concertino" (all of them are full-fledged concerti grossi) is perhaps a little pale, although it has a very fine last movement, but the other three are from the top drawer, distinguished by expansive gestures, warm pathos in the slow movements, and brilliant fugal work in the allegros.

CONTRARY to the claims advanced in the jacket notes, no marked musical personality emerges from the Concertante Symphony, No. 5, by Ignaz Pleyel, a pupil of Haydn and founder of the celebrated French piano firm. However, Pleyel was a competent and resourceful musician who always knew what he was doing, was familiar with the tricks of the trade, and wrote fluently elegant music. The piece receives an exceedingly good performance by an ensemble conducted by Louis de Froment (Oiseau-Lyre OL 50014, $5.95). It is a pleasure to hear such wonderful wind instrument playing.

Finally, to return to Bach, there are four chamber-music works gathered together on one disc (Oiseau-Lyre OL 50015, $5.95) that places the reviewer in a predicament. Only the flute sonata in E minor is a known work of Bach, and obviously so, while the other three simply refused to identify themselves. The notes accompanying the recording waste not one word on the works, for they are busy with a stuffy little biography, triple spaced and full of italics, so that both critic and the public are strictly on their own. Even a cursory examination will disclose that two of the remaining three compositions are markedly inferior to even the most

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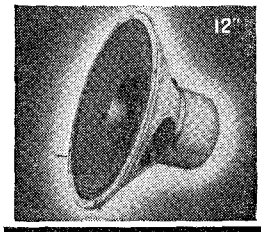

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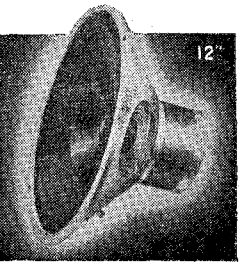

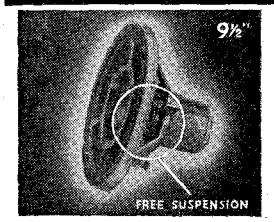

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youthful Bach. The shortness of breath, the absence of that miraculously easy continuity that always impresses us when listening to Bach, the stereotyped cadences, the lack of ingenuity in the manipulation of the melodic line: all point to a run-of-the-mill contemporary—even to a tyro, albeit a good one.

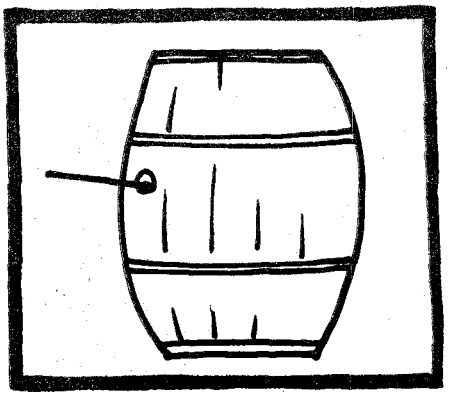
Thus the internal evidence strongly supports the suspicion that these are spurious—and inferior—compositions. At first glance, one would think that this is a random group of chamber-music works, but the secretive Lyre Bird must have had something in mind when selecting the G major Violin Sonata and the G major Trio-sonata, for there is a very interesting relationship between the two; although entirely different in their upper parts, they share the same bass, note for note and harmony for harmony! Thus the theory that they are student works is further fortified. This might be an assignment from Bach's earlier Leipzig days to one of his students, and the present-day student of composition will find it most interesting and instructive to study the procedure. All the sources consulted declare the bass to be by Bach, but I haven't been able to find out on what authority this is stated.

The third piece, the Trio-sonata for flute, oboe, and basso continuo (née sonata for violin and harpsichord) comes from a manuscript collection discovered at the beginning of this century which contains eighty-four compositions by a dozen different authors. Bach is named among them, as are Handel and Hasse, but although attributed to Bach the piece must be by a younger man, perhaps his pupil Krebs, who wrote a number of such works. None of the Bach sons is indicated, although Friedemann might be considered. Full of the "sighs" of the *style galant*, it could not have been written before 1740-45, by which time the old Cantor, disappointed and harassed, no longer bothered with such trifles; he was immersed in the mysteries of the last outposts of polyphony.

L'Oiseau Lyre is a musical establishment that has repeatedly covered itself with glory. They have put out magnificent books and scores that bespeak the highest standards of scholarship and taste. In the field of recording there has been no relaxation of standards. A little more selectivity would be advisable, however, especially in view of the uncounted masterpieces still awaiting resurrection. And it would be a pity to see them bow to the custom that so often prevails in the record industry; perfunctory literary guidance to the music lover.

EPICture No. 4

(A Roger Price "Droodle")



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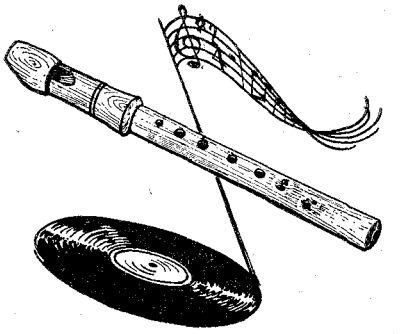

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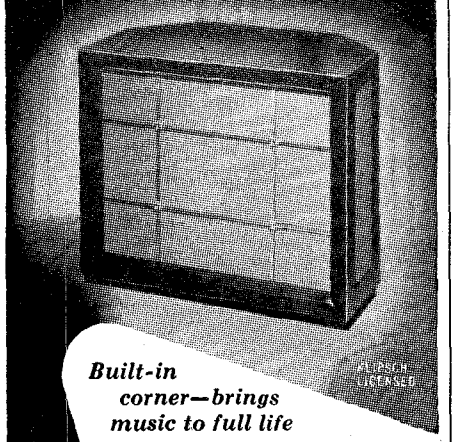

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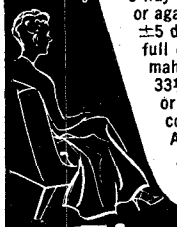

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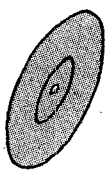

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Mozart with a Machine

Continued from page 46

well, except that I had a feeling of being tied and dragged along. It was like being roped to a steer; sometimes I would try doing the dragging, but at all times the steer was the stronger. I just had to conform.

I could hear the string players well now, but they were not hearing me, and so a vital part of chamber music playing was lost. This sometimes happens during live performances, and so I did not attach too much importance to the shortcoming; I just kept going until the work was completed.

To play along with a record is a weird sensation, which I know I could never learn to enjoy, but in spite of my having been spoilt by live performances, I can see and appreciate the usefulness of these discs. They can help the student and professional alike to really learn and get to know the works that have been recorded by Music Minus One, and at the same time they afford the simple pleasure of taking part in a performance at will.

What more can one ask? After all, there is very little enlightenment on television until the other fights start at 10.00 P. M.

Garden Again

"MARY" has gone back to Scotland, but her friends have not forgotten her. Continuing comments on the Richard Fletcher article of *SR* Feb. 27 include the following:

IT IS RARE TO ENCOUNTER a tribute to a singer of bygone days that is as lively as this particular one. Perhaps my reaction is due to the fact that Garden brought so much life to the Chicago Opera in my early opera-going days. I find it extraordinary that she made so few records during her career and that they are so difficult to obtain now. . . .

H. M. BARNES.

Paris, France.

YOUR READERS who have inquired about the reissuance of Mary Garden's records on LP will be happy to hear that Columbia is considering reissuing the records made from 1910-1914, according to a letter I've received from David Oppenheim, of that company. He also said that the old records made by Rosa Ponselle for Columbia around 1920 are being considered for future release. . . .

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

TANNHÄUSER—UR AND PARIS VERSIONS

ROBERT LAWRENCE'S DISCOURSE on "Tannhäuser" [*SR* March 27] seems to me to have missed the point. For one thing, his knowledge of German does not appear to be profound enough, by translating "Urtext" into "original" (version). The word "original" exists in German too. "Urtext" does *not* mean the older of two existing versions but a manuscript that was or is lost (a famous example is the "Urfaust"). Any older version (such as "Fidelio" or Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto) is just as "original" as the newer.

Secondly, Lawrence should not take conductor Szell too much to task. Szell knows what he is talking about: Wagner, notwithstanding Lawrence, *was* forced to alter the score to "Tannhäuser" by *adding* music; the music would have been a "flop" even if no organized conspiracy had existed, since neither the French nor most of the Germans were ready for Wagner's music in 1860; and the last point of Szell, "unity of style," is conceded by Lawrence himself!

One correction: The Paris version is *not* "generally resisted" in Central Europe, as Lawrence wants us to believe. I have seen a number of performances in pre-World War II Europe of the Paris version, the last of them being in the Berlin Staatsoper in 1935, with Leo Blech conducting. Even though it was a "different" Wagner, Berliners nevertheless seemed to enjoy the performance immensely.

HANS A. ILLING.

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Illing's translation of "Urtext" is not supported by Webster's New International Dictionary, which defines "ur-" as "a prefix, German* ur-, *signifying* primitive, primeval, original." *However, there is a shading of meaning between "Urtext," which means the score left by the composer (as Beethoven's sonatas would be an "Urtext" prior to editing by a Bülow or a Schnabel), and "Urfassung," which means the* version *originally performed prior to additions or emendations by all hands, including the composer's. In this case, then, the edition referred to by Lawrence, in which Venus did* not *reappear in Act III, is the "Urfassung" and anything else would be a version of one sort or another. . . . As for the Paris version of "Tannhäuser" being a "flop" at its first performance, so many other enduring operas failed at their first hearings that this kind of charge carries precious little validity. As a further point, it is worth repeating Lawrence's observation that the Paris-ordered ballet (the famous Bacchanale) was only one of six additions that Wagner made in his ur-score. Evidently there were things in "Tannhäuser" that Wagner wanted to improve —even without considering the special demands of Parisian operagoers.*

A LIST OF AUDIO SERVICE MEN

YOUR ARTICLE "What To Do Till the Service Man Comes" [*SR* March 27] will prove valuable to many readers. A great many other home music consumers, however, may find even the simple suggestions of the article beyond their powers to assimilate and follow.

I think it would be a sound idea to give a list of individuals or firms capable of doing repair work on hi-fi equipment. As the article states, it is difficult to find people competent to do such work.

HENRY BENNETT.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Such a list would indeed be useful, but who is going to assemble it and vouch for the names cited?*

EXTENDED REMARKS

I NEVER THOUGHT I'd be purchasing any 45's (I have had a great prejudice toward them because of RCA's very poor sportsmanship at the introduction of LP's), but when the Ponselle, Pinza, Martinelli recordings of the "Forza del Destino," "Aida," and "Norma" selections were released recently I bought them for security should anything happen to my 78's.

With much fanfare these were advertised as "extended play" 45's, but let's see in just how many instances this was truly so. The Ponselle-Telva "Norma" record is good, for each side is composed of two twelve-inch 78 sides; the "Forza" is not good value, since each selection is just *one* twelve-inch 78 side. This could have been made valuable by putting "La vergine" and "Pace" on one side and backing this with the glorious Finale as sung by Ponselle-Martinelli-Pinza! The "Aida" Temple Scene is good value, but the reverse is just the "O terra addio," which was a *ten*-inch record and one of two on which Ponselle and Martinelli sang the *complete* finale of this opera. Why wasn't the scene reissued in its entirety to make this recording a *real* "extended play"?

WARD EVANS.

Akron, O.

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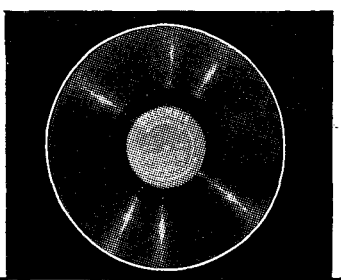

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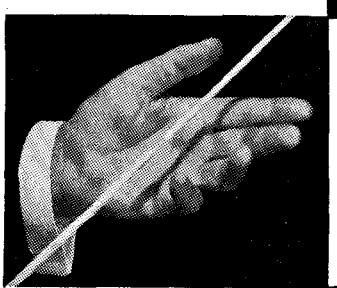

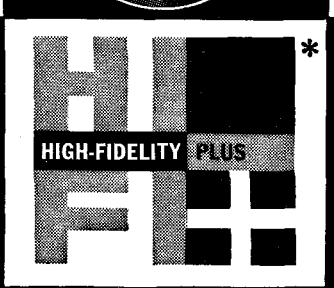

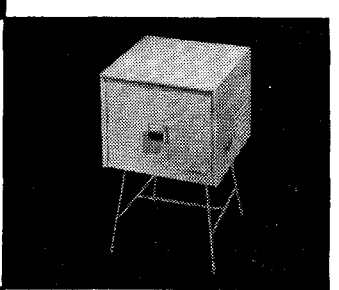

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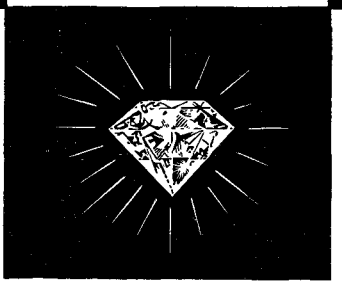

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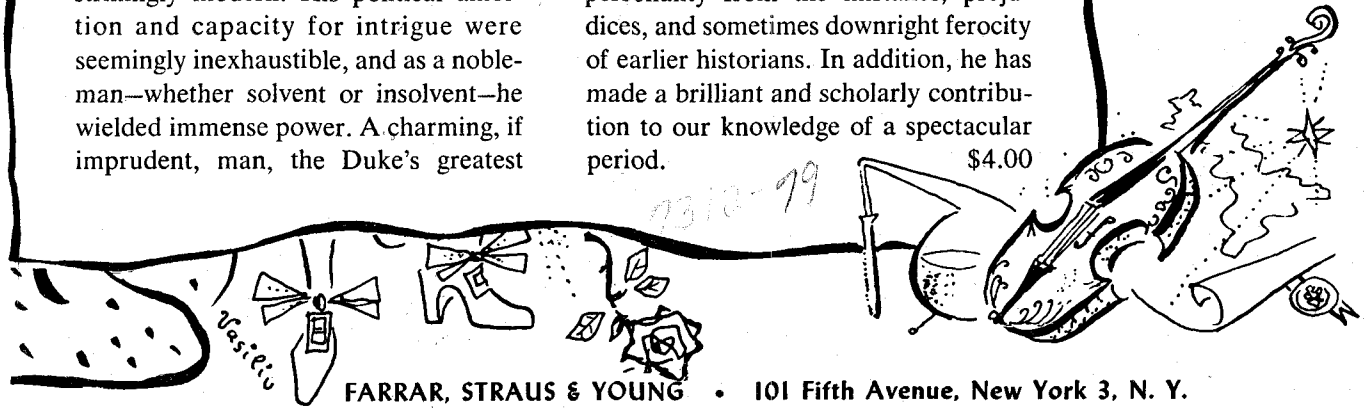

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